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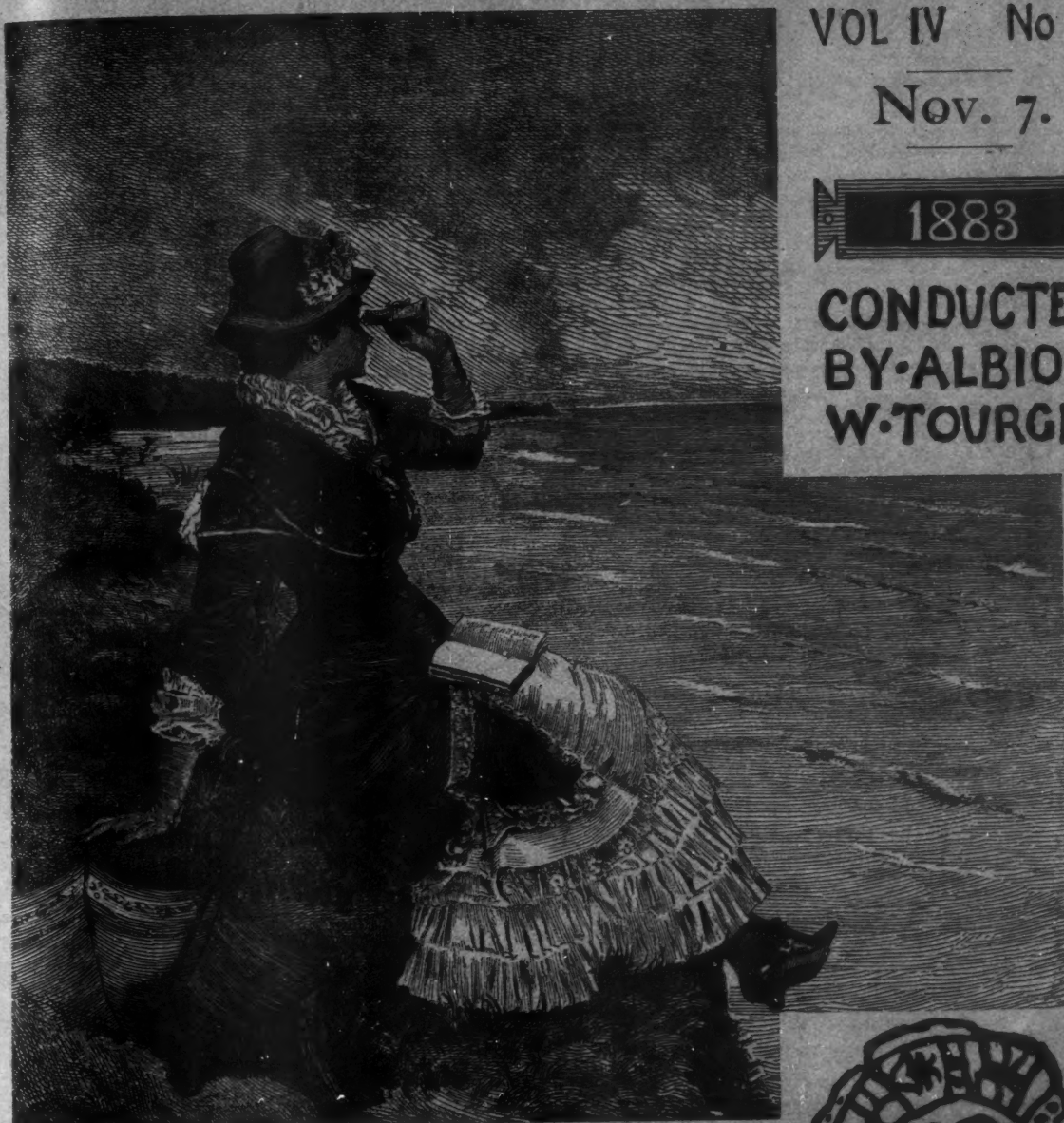
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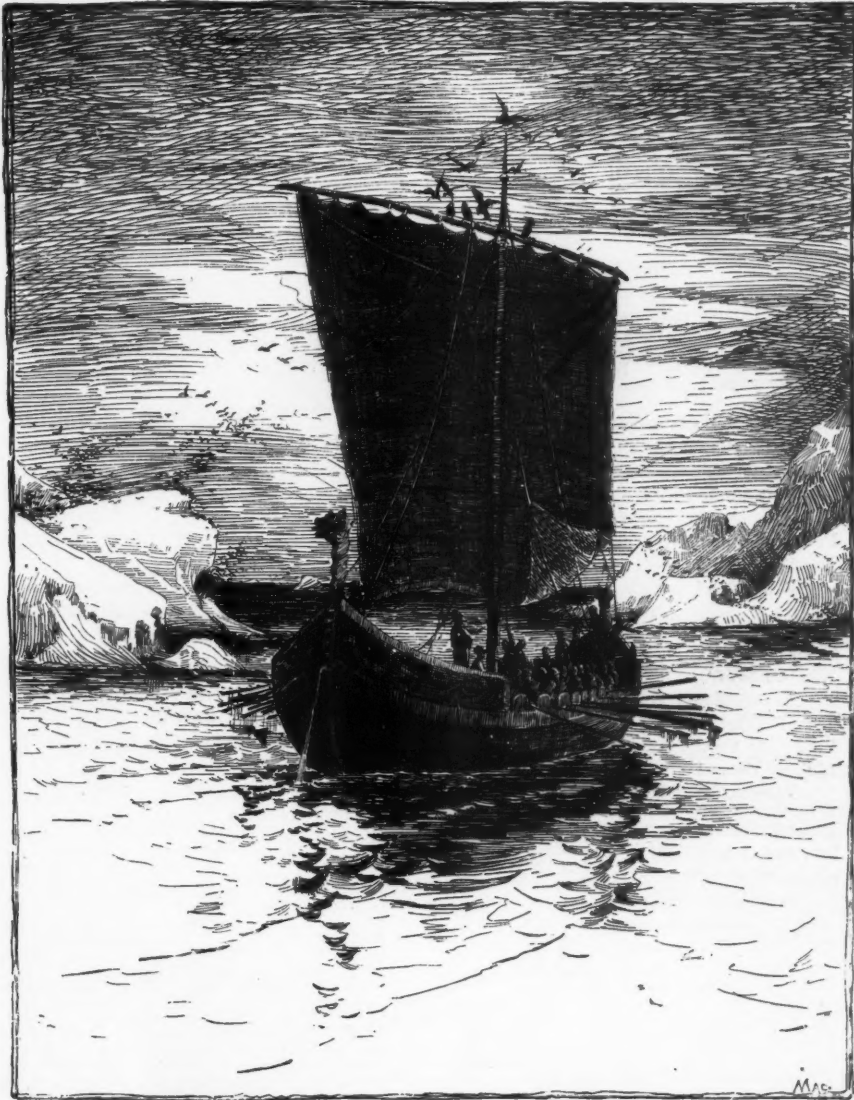
THE CONTINENT

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Vol. IV. No. 19.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 7, 1883.

Whole No. 91.



ERIKSFIORD.

I. A. D. 982.

'Mid snow and driving sleet
New lands the exiles greet ;
New coasts invite their feet,
With Erik sailing :

Soon the long yard they lower,
Hail the ice-girdled shore,
Gladly resign the oar,
Climb the ship's railing.

Upon an unknown strand,
Far from their native land,
The outlaw's crew now stand,
Near the sun-setting.
"Here will we make our home;
Wife, child shall hither come;
For them green meads make room,
Old scenes forgetting."

The sky is overcast,
Fierce is the northern blast,
Torn hulls are drifting past,
Strong ties must sever.
Where now the proud array
That crowded Breida Bay
That pleasant spring-time day?
Scattered forever!

A remnant, weather-worn,
Over rude surges born,
Rounding the Southern Horn,
Finds Erik's Harbor.
GREENLAND—fair-omened word,
Breathing of sweet accord,
Apart from strife and sword—
Gives rest from labor.

There, on each sunny lea,
'Twixt ice-stream and the sea—
Fit spot for Vikings free—
Norse homes were planted.
There sorrow, toil and strife,
Peace, comfort, checkered life,
Befell child, husband, wife,
Through all undaunted.

Far to the north they pressed;
Their oars flash in the west;
New worlds from darkness wrest—
Markland and Farstrand.
Thus Erik's hamlets grew;
Like gulls his white sails flew,
Linking the old and new—
Norseland and Vinland.

Disma! their land and cold;
Its ice-sheets all infold;
Snows, in white waves uprolled,
Surge ever onward.

Yet in brief summer-time
Asked they no milder clime;
Pleasant their brooklets' chime
Leaping to seaward.

Then scoured they every shore,
Hunted rough ice-hills o'er,
Captured a bounteous store
'Gainst yule-tide's gladness.
When the long winter came,
Then many a song and game,
Tale, Saga, Rune of fame
Cheered Norse heart's sadness.

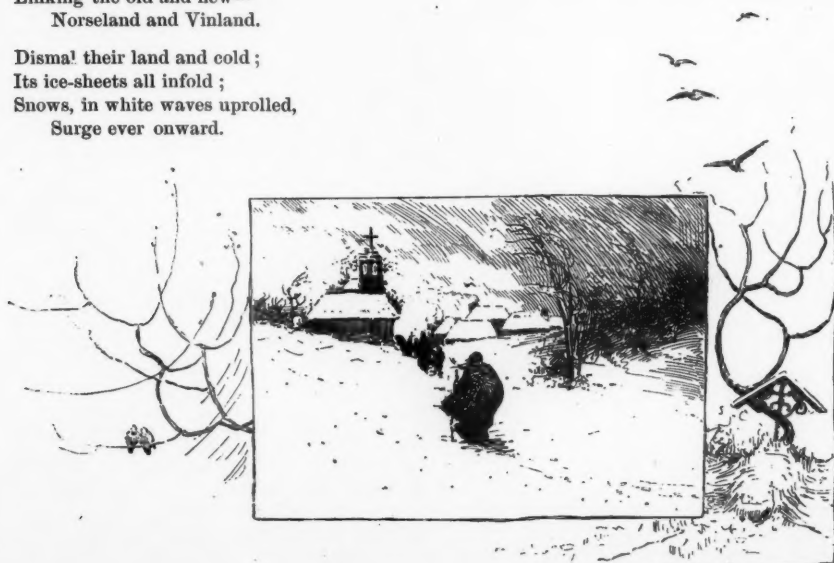
Such simple, homely ways
E'en Olaf's creed might praise,
Shedding its milder rays—
Christ-faith for Thor-faith.
Soon rise cathedrals fair,
Bells clang through frosty air,
Calling to praise and prayer,
Laying each elf-wraith.

On Greenland's haunted strand
Full many a century stand
Works of Red Erik's hand,
Carved not with sword-blade.
Then o'er sad Greenland's skies
Clouds black with fate arise:
Never may mortal eyes
Pierce the thick death-shade.

II. A. D. 1882.

Brightly flash the icy waters
Darkly frowns each blackened steep;
Loud the song of Greenland's daughters
Rises o'er the silent deep.

Bend they stoutly to the oars;
Onward sweeps the quivering boat—
Fragile craft and buxom rowers—
Past us floe and berg-ice float:



Past us speed the grassy hillsides,
As we dart along the firth ;
Solemn thought and sadness' flood-tides
Mingling with the rowers' mirth.

Igaliko—"homes forsaken"—
This the lone land's name to-day ;
Other once—what memories waken
As we thread the beauteous bay !

While we watch the Kayak yonder
Swiftly speeds to strike the prey ;
Soft eyes follow us in wonder,
Scream the sea-fowl far away.

Close at hand the sparrow twitters,
Flower-fringed banks invite to rest ;
Far behind Red Kamen glitters,
Rearing high its dazzling crest.

Now the shores encircle closer ;
Warders grim the broad hills stand ;
Turn aside the deadly glacier,
Shelter safe this quiet strand.

O'er a dead Past here the feet tread,
As the eye notes slow decay ;
Ruined church and ruined homestead,
Turf-grown garden, lichen way.

Hard by are the graves of heroes ;
Here, too, sleep Norse maidens fair :
Safe their dust rests in these furrows—
Blessings "glad" their spirits *there* !

Thus the mind turns back the pages
Of Saga quaint and Runic rhyme :
Buttercups and saxifrages
Link to-day with Erik's time.

S. J. DOUGLASS.



THE BIRTHDAY.

BABY came this morning,
She came in the dawning light ;
That is her little cradle,
Hung with the purest white.

Wrapp'd in lawns and laces,
She sleeps in dusky calm ;
Still as a snow-white lily,
Little pink palm to palm.

Just a sweet rare secret
That never a mortal knows ;
Her years all folded together,
Like leaves of the budding rose.

Only a line of pink
The folded blossom cleaves ;
But we know the rose is there
With all its scented leaves.

The harp-strings hold the song,
And the grape-flower holds the wine ;
The marble holds the angel,
The silver holds the shrine ;

The baby keeps the saint,
The mother the tender wife ;
And the love that sent her knows
The secret of her life.

LILLIE E. BARR.

MY ROSE AND MY CHILD.

I PLUCKED in the morning a beautiful rose,
Aglow with the splendor of June ;
Its dew-laden petals, like sheen of soft snows,
Its blush like the sunshine of noon.

But e'en as I held it, I knew it must fade,
Its bloom was as brief as the hour ;
The dews of that evening, like soft tears were laid
On the grave of my pretty flower.

I hushed in my bosom a beautiful child,
The splendor of love in her eyes ;
No snow on high hills so pure, undefiled,
As her soul in its innocent guise.

But her white little soul was missed from the skies ;
I knew, like my rose, she must go ;
So with heart-break and anguish I kissed her sweet eyes ;
She sleeps with my rose in the snow.

MATTIE EVERTS HOLDEN.

[Begun in No. 90.]

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

CHAPTER I. THE EFFINGHAMS.

ON a beautiful afternoon in the spring of 1845—so early yet in the season that the northwestern or rainy monsoon had, according to almanacs, a fortnight's farther privilege of inclemency, an unusually motley fleet lay basking, under cloudless sky and brilliant atmosphere, in the picturesque roadstead of the British Malayan port of Singapore. Always a curiously-varied pageant of warlike and commercial shipping, the anchorage in question presented a peculiarly imposing display on this occasion. Added to its customary array of towering East Indiamen, all named after some

derful American "clippers," destined, in a few years thence, to witch those very seas with noble sailing, and develop the old constructive principle of the fleet and famous Chesapeake coaster into an ideal of full-fledged maritime grace and speed. While certain wiser English naval officers knew what a boat built on such lines could dare and do from experience with divers American privateers some thirty and odd years before, a majority of old-school mariners wagged their heads dubiously at the prahu-like hull and enormous clouds of sail, and maintained that she must either "run under" or "break her back" in any kind of a bad sea. Nevertheless, there she was, safe, sound and neat as a yacht, off



"CAN'T YOU COME UP LONG ENOUGH TO RECEIVE OUR THANKS?"

"Castle" or another; trim smaller merchantmen from Liverpool, Amsterdam or New York; antiquated Cochinchina imitations of modern naval architecture; lumbering Chinese junks, and an endless variety of Archipelago prahus, were Sir Thomas Cochrane's full squadron, the historical United States frigate *Constitution*, and a long, low stranger coming into the Strait that very afternoon with the Stars and Stripes at the peak.

To every observant seaman's eye, at least, this latter craft, lying among and contrasting with the marine models of several different nations, was an object of curious interest. Apparently of from twelve to fifteen hundred tons burden, sitting deep in the water aft, notably broad of beam immediately forward of the centre, and then sharpening keenly to a stem lifted almost clear of the waves, by the bold rising of her keel; with her tall, slender masts and tremendously long yards, she looked fitted to outstrip many a steamer, much more any man-of-war.

In fact, the *Comanche* was a forerunner of the won-

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Deep Water Point in the North Channel at Singapore, having carried her owner and his family, besides captain and crew, nearly around the world.

And the owner of this so-criticised example of his country's innovating temerity, Mr. Richard Effingham, with wife, daughter and only son near at hand, stood upon the deck, an evident sharer in the pleasant interest naturally responsive to such animated scenes as those around them. He was a tall, spare figure, characterized by bushy iron-gray hair, black eyes, unsensuous mouth and chin, and nose and forehead energetically and reflectively prominent.

Of Mrs. and Miss Effingham, occupying camp-chairs within speaking distance, not much more could be noted immediately than that both possessed peach-like complexions and very small hands, so disguisingly were they draped in brown linen wrappers from shoulders to feet, and so far forward upon their faces, in deference to an equatorial sun, came the scarfs knotted under their chins. Clambering stealthily on the bulwarks farther toward the taffrail was the youngest of the Effing-

hams, a lad apparently about ten years old and of elfin slenderness, in a check suit, made somewhat in the juvenile style now called the "Knickerbocker."

Including a third lady and two body-servants, not yet visible, this was the family party of the wealthy New York shipping merchant owning the great vessel; and from the athletic activity of mates and sailors furling sails and squaring yards on the recently-anchored *Comanche*, to the strange and striking views of mingling barbarism and civilization in the whole picture around, the eyes of the idlers on the deck roved in tireless scrutiny.

So clear was the balmy air that the two miles yet intervening between themselves and the city did not seem to be more than a third of that space, and the European warehouses, residences, churches and hotels along the beach, the fine stone Government House on the elevation beyond, the silvery intersecting river and its bridges, the Chinese quarter and mercantile buildings on the west side, an edge of the Malay campong on the east—dome of mosque, tower of Buddhist temple, and the fort commanding town and bay on Pearl Hill—all had a cameo-like distinctness to the vision, and a charm made dramatically complete by the oriental setting of hills dotted with villas and nodding with palms. The opposite island of Battam, looking like one solid mass of luxuriant tropical forest and jungle, was a finely artistic pendant, with emerald islets dappling all the more distant perspective until the last flash of the waves was lost among them. A very trestlework of the primitive triangular masts of Malay prahus extended along the shore; and on the glittering expanse of water between that and the anchored shipping darted swarms of native sampans or light row-boats with palm-leaf awnings, or crawled the more sluggish Bugis coaster, whose sturdy crew added their sonorous "Véla-ah! véla!" as they handled their matting sails to the various strange but not unmelodious sounds which caught the stranger's ear.

Mr. Effingham sauntered nearer to the ladies, with right hand grasping the corresponding lapel of his coat, as was his wont in moments of casual contemplation.

"This is very fine," he remarked, with a movement of his head toward the town.

"But not quite so striking as Batavia, papa," returned a sweet, strong voice, while a pair of bright black eyes were lifted to meet his.

"I like it much better at first sight," said Mrs. Effingham, whose voice was lower, though as musical and more measured in its tones. "I have a prejudice against any place that, like Batavia, shows its worst part first. The 'old town' there, and the canal between the water and the respectable quarter, disenchant one so, that even all the handsome streets and houses of Weltevreden Heights do not quite compensate for the shock."

"But then those glorious blue mountains behind—how grand they are!" persisted the younger speaker enthusiastically.

"Yes," assented her father, smiling at her rather quizzically; "and then such pleasant friends as some of us found at the Hotel des Indes!"

Before this colloquy could lead to farther revelation, the captain of the ship joined them, to inquire whether his employer would go ashore immediately, or "wait for Mr. Dodge to come off?"

"Wait, by all means," said Mr. Effingham. "I suppose, my dear," turning to his wife, "that Miss Ankeroo is preparing your things for landing? And, by the way," he added, looking sharply around, "where can Cherubino have—"

The eyes of the others had involuntarily followed his, and all caught sight at the instant of a pair of small check legs vibrating in the air on the bulwarks, what time the shrill voice of the remainder of an inverted boy, standing on his hands, was heard saluting a third female figure coming up from a cabin with the remark:

"See here, Cousin Sadie, I'll bet you can't do this!" simultaneously with which incredible challenge the inverted small boy went overboard.

Father, mother, sister and the captain rushed to the side under a common terror, there to behold a glossy round head and two young spindles of arms swimming vigorously after a lop-sided floating cap, while a frigate's boat, with an officer in the stern, rowed hotly in chase. The whole event—the fall and the appearance of the boat—had been breathlessly sudden, and almost as quick was the rescue.

"All right! The Cherub's quite unhurt!" came up a cheery, familiar voice, and a dripping system of blinking countenance and tender cheek limbs, all moving to express rapture over the saving of the tightly-clutched cap, was held aloft over the thwarts in the strong arms of the young naval officer.

"Oh, you everlasting little plague!" ejaculated she who had been called Cousin Sadie, as the moistened child was expeditiously handed up the rope ladder swiftly let down from the deck. "And what a mess!" for he was enriched by a coating of the pea-soup-like scum, having an odor as of painter's oil, and called by the Malays "sara," that sometimes comes into those waters at ebb from the China Sea.

"Papa, it's Lieutenant Belmore!" was the exclamation of Miss Effingham, who, now that her first pallor had disappeared, displayed an animated face of recognition toward the comely and blonde young man in English uniform, bowing a return laughingly from amid the upraised oars of his boat.

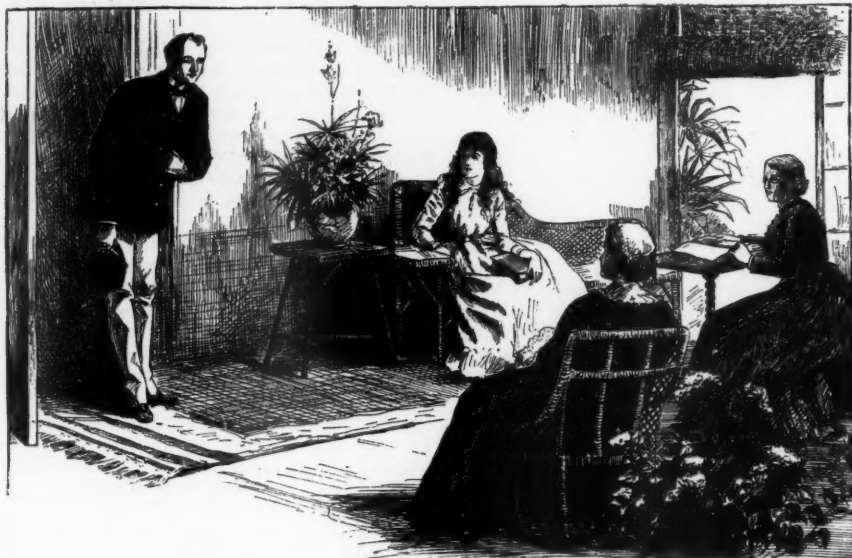
"My dear young sir," called her father, "we did not expect to see you so soon again. Can't you come up long enough to receive our thanks? Is your ship here?"

"No thanks deserved, sir," shouted back the Lieutenant. "Have the pleasure of paying my respects on shore. Official business just now; but knew the *Comanche* a mile off. Left Batavia on the *Cressy*, and transferred to the *Agincourt*, for Singapore, on sick-leave!" And he smiled archly and waved a temporary adieu as his crew dropped oars again into the waves.

The ladies now withdrew to their cabins, whither Cousin Sadie, otherwise Miss Ankeroo, had hurried the sloppy young torment of her life, and were there informed, after they had somewhat recovered from their flutter, that the cap which the Cherub first thought of in the water had been found to contain, feloniously hidden in its lining, the long-missing potato-knife of the cook.

It remained for the head of the family to be thoughtfully congratulated by the Captain upon his son's obviously charmed life—inasmuch as he had fallen down a very steep companion-ladder seven times, and been headlong into the water twice, since their sailing from Batavia, with miraculous impunity—and then to turn his attention again to the shore. While thus he looked, one of the many plying sampans in sight, rowed by a half-naked coolie at either end, and bearing, over the centre, a striped canopy under which sat a passenger in European dress, was seen to emerge from its companions and make sharply for the ship.

"This is Mr. Dodge coming, I think, sir," observed the Captain leading the way to an opening on the side, where steps had been swung for shore-boats.



THE CALLER STOOD BOWING IN THE DOORWAY.

The long and narrow little native craft was yet moving, when a tall, elastic specimen of manhood in some kind of pith helmet, alpaca coat and white waistcoat and trousers, unfolded himself nimbly from beneath the canopy, and, seizing a side of the iron gangway, came up hand over hand to the deck.

"That's like your old style, Mr. Dodge," laughed Captain Brace; the gentleman by his side looking on with amazement.

"Yes—how d' do, Cap?—that's my style when I'm feeling first-rate," was the hearty answer of the stranger, who was now seen to be about thirty-five years of age, the possessor of a frame like an athlete's in full training, and of a capping of closely-cut reddish hair over dancing hazel eyes, and nose and mouth humorous in their boldness. "I see *you're* looking first-rate, Brace, after all this while—four years, isn't it?—and you're sailing a stunner this time, sure enough." He was shaking hands energetically when first seeming to observe that they were not alone: "Where's Mr.—excuse me, though—is this—?"

"This is Mr. Dodge, Mr. Effingham," interjected the Captain.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Dodge," the merchant said, rather stiffly.

"Thank you," responded the other with a business-like shake of the hand, and without the least embarrassment. "I hope that you've had a pleasant voyage up, and that the ladies and young master are well. What do you think of us here, so far?"

As the Captain walked off, Mr. Effingham looked somewhat sternly into the lively eyes of his now first-met correspondent at Singapore. In a moment, however, he realized that there was no good ground for offense, and answered that he found the weather warmer than he had expected.

"That's because we're having what the natives call the 'Java wind,' just now," explained Mr. Dodge. "About as sensible, you know, sir, as though you should call it the 'Florida wind' when you have an occasional

hot southern sea-breeze in the summer in New York. You'll find the land breeze cool enough."

"I see that our frigate *Constitution* is here."

"Yes. Some of her officers have been at my hotel. She's been to Bruni—that's Borneo—to offer the Sultan there help against the Sooloo pirates if he chooses to make a commercial treaty with the United States. At least, so I understand it. The acting commodore is supposed to be waiting now for a final answer; but they say that he's been played false by his interpreter (who came here with Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak), and will not be able to report a success to the new president, Mr. Polk."

"Then Mr. Brooke is not favorable to Americans," remarked Mr. Effingham with quick interest. "I'm sorry for that, since we are going to Borneo."

"On the contrary, my dear sir," corrected Mr. Dodge—and he barely missed saying, "my dear boy"—"the 'Tuan Besar,' as they call him in his Rajahdom, takes to us mighty kindly. The interpreter and he parted company at Singapore here, when they first came out, six years ago. They're not good friends."

"I should regret, on general principles, to find so great an Englishman as Mr. Brooke inimical to my countrymen," said the merchant. And then, after a pause—"I infer that you received my letters from London, Funchal, Rio de Janeiro and Batavia."

"Yes, sir; and have carried out your instructions to the best of my ability," responded the other. "Much obliged to my old employer in New York, Mr. Von Gilder, for recommending me to you."

The conversation now took a brief turn toward business, not of immediate interest for this narrative. At its conclusion, prefatory to withdrawal, the correspondent at Singapore begged leave to offer one of his cards, an exhibition of which at the landing, he said, would attract the proper porter for his hotel.

"You'll see, sir," he added, "that I've come as near giving my house a name worthy of a truly American proprietor as the geography of these parts will allow,

Shall have the pleasure of waiting upon you there again, I hope."

Then he darted down the steps, in flying leaps, to his sampan; the latter pushed off through the shore boats of fruit and other local commodities now beginning to beset the sides of the *Comanche*; and Mr. Effingham put on his eye-glasses to peruse the card:

UNITED STRAITS HOTEL,
SINGAPORE.

FELIX DODGE, PROPRIETOR.

Entertainment for Man and Beast.

Agent for P. T. Barnum.

"He seems to be sensible and shrewd," soliloquized the merchant as he walked cabinward to advise his family and servants that their private "gig" was preparing for the shore; "he seems to be intelligent and trustworthy; but Von Gilder never told me that he was the style of man to behave circus-like and tend to puns. Agent for Mr. Barnum, too! Well, we shall see."

CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT BELMORE PAYS HIS RESPECTS.

A YEAR earlier than the memorable arrival in Singapore of that Englishman who was to be known to future romantic fame as a Rajah of Borneo, an American merchantman from Hong Kong brought to the same port a passenger no less boldly enterprising in his way, although of another nationality. As commercial traveler for the New York firm of Von Gilder & Co., promoted on his merits to that rank from a previous home clerkship, Mr. Felix Dodge had decided to go back from China by way of the Strait of Malacca, in order to have a glimpse at least of the mighty East Indian Archipelago and some of its twelve thousand islands.

It was being wrecked upon the Isle of Wight, on his return from sick-leave to his cadetship in India, that determined James Brooke to the so-illustrious historical change in his career; and incidental, scarcely less dismal experience of contemporary hotel life in the cosmopolitan City of the Straits turned our American mercantile tourist into a phenomenally successful local innkeeper.

The illogical disproportion between the bill tendered by his temporary landlord and the native curiosities of bed and board which he had endured inspired a lively discussion at parting, the termination of which was his vigorous assertion of the practicability of a hotel "fit for white men" in Singapore, and positive pledge to "start" one of that Caucasian appropriateness there himself immediately. It may have been that the idea of really undertaking such a thing had not occurred to him before uttering the design, yet from the moment of that emphatic utterance he was possessed of the resolution to execute it to the fullest extent. Having accumulated savings in his employment to the amount of ten thousand dollars, the thought of investing them in an appreciative property of his own in this busy and novel part of the speculative world grew upon his liking equally with the pleasant fancy of becoming his own master. Besides, as an American familiarized with the East Indies and trained to general business, might he not supplement his proprietorship as a publican with commercial agencies for houses in the United States?

Acting upon the reflection, Mr. Dodge wrote at once of his scheme to Von Gilder & Co., and then, through the friendly help of acquaintances in counting-houses

to which he had brought letters, secured a site for his proposed enterprise on the eastern and "fashionable" side of the river, or creek, dividing the modern town from the Chinese and mercantile quarter. In person he bought his timber from the Chinese lumbermen in the interior of the island; he drew his own simple architectural plans and personally supervised his small army of oriental workmen, and the result was the most rapid example of household construction ever witnessed in Singapore.

This was the genesis of the first American hotel in East India—a large, square building of two stories, painted white, with pillars to the cornice and two long balconies in front, and palm trees judiciously distributed around the back and sides. It stood near enough to the more prominent European residences, counting-rooms, churches, official buildings, parade-ground and drive to be thoroughly eligible in point of position; commanded a breezy, characteristic view of beach, roadstead and the opposite shore of Battam; had a receiving zoological garden of its own for any rare beasts, birds or snakes of the Archipelago which might be attainable at any time for a certain American showman of rising celebrity, and rejoiced in a Portuguese chief cook and staff of Javanese servants most exactly selected.

When the cards of this new caravansary were out from the job-office of the *Straits Times*, and by some hitherto incredible ingenuities of circulation had penetrated to the tables, desks and cabin of every civilized home and counting-room in the town and ship in the harbor, it was known that "while," as an inclosing printed circular said, "the name chosen for the house should be congenial to the local attachments of 'the most Straitest sect,' it yet phonetically suggested the proprietor's native country—with only a little 'r'-tistic difference."

Upon the whole, this manner of putting the thing was happily received by the English-speaking Singaporeans, even if they were at first somewhat slow about patronizing the place. There was, however, one long-remembered exception to the rule. A very fat and choleric old Scotch gentleman, Mr. Mac Terrifer by name, heavily in the pepper exportation, found the terms of the circular quite unintelligible and took them in grievous dudgeon.

"The mon's daft, ye ken," he insisted, growing fiercely red in the face. "What hae the Screeptural tairms o' 'most straitest sect' to do wi' yon Yankee tavern? And it's 'States' and not 'Straits' he cooms from. Away wi' yer noonsinse, I tal ye!"

In vain his calmer and more idiomatic English friends wrestled with him on the subject from day to day, explaining over and over, with laborious distinctness of syllables, that the word "Straits" spelt without "a little r" has the sound of "Staits—States." "United Straits," without the 'little r,' 'United Staits—States.' Don't you see now?—'a little r'-tistic difference!"

But no! he would not have it. "What had 'art' to do wi' it all?" And so he went on, irascibly disdainful, until fully six months later, when, dining voraciously upon haggis, there abruptly dawned upon him, between two mouthfuls, a perception of the joke.

"A wee airteestic deef'rence?" he suddenly sputtered and choked, to the startled dismay of those around him. "Hech, sirs, it's as plain as the nose on a mon's fece!"—then fell into alarming convulsions of guttural tumult, having barely the strength to murmur huskily, "Let me be bled!" as they assisted him to a couch, whereon he was to have a very narrow escape from apoplexy.

To a suite of rooms in the hotel with this history came the American family of our story, leaving the *Comanche* to go back in her own wake a distance, dipping her colors to the gallant old *Constitution*, and sailing up the China Sea to Hong Kong. The Effinghams, father and son, have already been described sufficiently for the present; it is the turn of the ladies, now that their heads are uncovered and their forms free from the ever ungraceful outer trappings of ocean life, to be introduced more definitely.

The reception-room occupied by them had a bareness of upholstery suitable to the tropical climate. Scattered mats of brightly-colored rattan, or palm, or cocoanut fibre, took the usual place of carpet; settees of bamboo and cane faced each other on either side of the apartment; chairs of equally cool anatomy stood around at social intervals, and at the two tall French windows leading out to the balcony—between which were table and mirror—curtains of figured Chinese matting and corded blinds made it practicable to modify the light without excluding the breeze.

Engaged in some fragile form of needlework, Mrs. Effingham, sitting near one of the casements, and glancing abstractedly through the blinds in the intervals of her employment, was a figure gracefully focusing, as it were, the tranquil domesticity of the family group. Not yet forty years old, she looked not over thirty, despite the matronly cut of a dark dress, Quaker-like in its freedom from all ornament, and surmounted by a broad white collar, and a prim fall of cap-lace over the generous braid into which her plenteous black hair was drawn back as uncompromisingly as its natural wave would allow. A complexion showing no trace of voyaging exposure, and unusually fair to accompany such rich black locks, added delicacy of effect to features indicative only of soft womanly traits; and when the dark eyes were raised occasionally to glance through the blinds, they exhibited a certain unchanging sadness of expression informing the whole refined face with serious thoughtfulness.

On a settee opposite, in the shaded light of the other window, Miss Effingham had assumed a half-reclining posture as a reader, her book being a volume of Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," a work then newly published in London, and but freshly received in the Indies. If her hair and complexion were like her mother's the daughter seemed to have inherited none of that parent's settled pensiveness of aspect, the lustrous black curls, reaching nearly to her pink-ribbon girdle, showing not more exuberance of girlish naturalness than the varying flashes of the now particularly rounded black eyes perusing what appeared to be a page not wholly soothing. Appareled in white, with a narrower pink ribbon bowed at the neck to match the one around an equally supple little waist, Miss Effingham might have been a mere bud of a school-girl vexing over a lesson, instead of a greatly traveled young lady passing time with a novel.

The third figure of the trio present gave her attention to a book also, but it was one of graver proportions, opened upon the table between the windows, and the reader in the chair drawn up thereto had a marked personality of her own. She was Miss Sarah Ankeroo, otherwise second-cousin Sadie to Mrs. Effingham, since the death of her parents in Vermont an adopted member of the New York family, and, by inclination and fitting acquirements, nursery-governess, "companion," and chief domestic counsel of the household. She was now with her late mother's cousinly kinfolk in the curiously-mixed capacity of dragon to Master Cherubino,

dresser-maid to his sister, interpreter to the party and prospective missionary to the ingenuous Dyaks of Borneo. Her possession of an education elaborated even to some scientific knowledge of medicine, and inheritance of the revenue of a goodly patrimonial farm, made this energetic Green Mountain spinster of thirty years no less confident to assume varied intellectual responsibilities than capable of paying her own way.

Nevertheless, Miss Ankeroo displayed none of the gaunt, acrid outer-belongings of ordinary unfeminine strong-mindedness. She was slightly below the medium stature, wholesomely plump, and had rosy cheeks and flossy yellow hair. Gold spectacles, necessitated by near-sightedness, gave whimsical severity of effect to pale-blue eyes, else mating harmoniously with a child-like roundness and mobility of countenance. But even perpetual sobriety of attire could not much intensify the sage maturity of individual presentment it was her whim ordinarily to affect.

Afternoon had advanced far enough toward the cooler hours for the sounds of wheels and of the animation temporarily renewed in the city when the hottest period of the day had passed, to arise from the baked street below the hotel balcony. With an impatient little bang of her book and its pettish casting aside, Miss Effingham straightened to an upright posture on the settee, loosened her massive curls by a pretty movement of the head, and returned to colloquial life.

"I declare, Cousin Sadie," she began, "the way you keep on with that hateful old Marsden's Dictionary is enough to turn you into a Malay yourself."

The gleam of the scholarly spectacles was turned upon her with patient toleration.

"Every hour is precious now, Abretta, when we shall so soon be in Borneo. I am not half so far in the language yet as I ought to be, even after those lessons I took in Batavia."

"Well, but of course papa will secure a regular interpreter here before we go."

"That will be nothing to me in my Dyak school, Abretta."

"At any rate," pleaded the impracticable young beauty, "you can spare time, Cousin Sadie, to hear just what I think about Mr. Charles Dickens and the way he abuses America. I do declare, I'm almost ready never to read an English novel again! The English are always so ut-ter-ly aggravating when they have anything to say about us! Here is Dickens, who was treated so well on his visit, making Americans talk with hyphens between all their syllables; and, oh, he does represent our editors and ladies as such ridiculous creatures! I declare, I could detest everything English after reading such a book!"

"My dear! my dear! do not be so extravagant," remonstrated her mother gently.

"But, mamma, I do mean it all!" persisted the glowing young patriot. "Without exception, Englishmen are the most unjust, selfish, hateful—"

A knock at the door, and a yellow-faced servant in spotless white nankeen, with a card for the ladies.

"Mr. Edwin Belmore," read Mrs. Effingham as the waiter departed.

Cousin Sadie turned from her book, and flashed her glasses upon the interrupted previous speaker in pitilessly-abashing reprehension. "Without exception," echoed she, "Englishmen are the most unjust, selfish, hateful—" and was dwelling awfully yet upon the last word when the caller stood bowing in the doorway.

"Ladies, a thousand pardons for following my pasteboard in such a hurry," he apologized, shaking hands

very heartily all around. "I hope I haven't broken up any little scolding of yours, Miss Ankeroo. I know how harmless they always were at Batavia, you know! But really I've been in a hurry to get here ever since I heard that you had come ashore. You all seem so like real old friends. That is, I don't mean that you seem old, at all, Miss Ankeroo. Quite the contrary. You know what I mean, Mrs. Effingham."

His frank sailor face showed the flush of ardent good feeling even through its manly tint of tan.

"We know you always mean everything that is polite and kind," said Mrs. Effingham. "Pray be seated, Mr. Belmore."

"With your permission, ladies," he replied briskly, availing himself of the invitation.

"Doesn't this seem like being in Batavia again, Miss Effingham? Was I really introduced to you there at that party at Mrs. Van Zant's, or have I known your family ever so many years?"

The two older ladies smiled acknowledgment of his so freely-shown partiality for their party, as they might have smiled at an amiable boy's greeting of welcome. The Effinghams had indeed first met the young Lieutenant at a party in Batavia while his ship was there, and took his immediate obvious attraction to their circle in a spirit worthy of his singularly ingenuous character.

"We've known you long enough it seems, Mr. Belmore," said Abretta demurely, "for you to pass through a fashionable season, and be dangerously sick and get well again. It ought to take at least a year for all that to happen."

"Now you're laughing at my sick-leave from the *Cressy*," he cried, flushing guiltily. "I didn't think it of you, Miss Effingham! You see, ma'am and Miss Ankeroo," turning for a moment to them, "as my uncle is at Singapore just now with his regiment, it was an excuse for me to come here for recovery from a slight sunstroke—very slight, I'll confess. But, upon my word, Miss Effingham, it's hardly kind in you to be so quick in catching me up."

Miss Ankeroo, who already confessed a strong partisan feeling for the young man, had her spirit of championship sympathetically stirred by what sounded like his ungenerous arraignment by the one of their party who should have been the very last to question the occasion of his presence with them again.

"You can hardly hope to find a fair judge in our Abretta, Mr. Belmore," was her sharp interjection here. "At the moment of your arrival she was saying to us that, 'without exception, Englishmen—'"

"If you repeat that, Cousin Sadie, I'll never forgive you!" broke in the culprit, blushing furiously.

"It was something against my unfortunate countrymen, then," retorted the Lieutenant, more than revenged by her discomfiture, and smiling instant pardon. "But, you know, ladies, I have some very good Yankee blood in my own veins. That must be one reason," he added innocently, "why I've always taken to you so tremendously. One of my great-grandmothers was born in the United States."

"There, mamma!"

Abretta was the speaker, and by an impulse she would have found it hard to explain to herself. Assuredly it originated from no past counsel with her mother on the genealogy of their visitor; for they had all accepted him without the least conjectural reserve as to that point. It was, therefore, without apparent notice of her daughter's irrelevant exclamation that Mrs. Effingham now regarded the youth with a freshened interest showing vividly in her inquiring look at him.

"Indeed, Mr. Belmore?" said she. "May we ask if that was your father's grandmother?"

Admiring the lady's dignified beauty and exquisite feminine refinement of manners, as he had enthusiastically from the first hour of his acquaintance with the family in Java, Belmore was delighted with this special earnestness of concern about himself.

"No, dear madame," was his ready reply; "my mother's. She died long before I was born; but I know that my great-grandfather first saw her in New York, and married her there. From her portrait she must have been very handsome. I'm only afraid my ancestor wasn't half good enough for her—he was such an eccentric. I give you my word it was his queer cutting-up with his will that has kept us all poor ever since, with the family estate and fortune in Chancery."

"What a shame!" ejaculated Abretta, who, with elbow on an arm of the settee, and curly head leaning upon uplifted hand, had paid animated attention to this rehearsal.

"That everlasting English Chancery!" commented Miss Ankeroo, always more forcible than exact in her terms when she forgot her scholarly obligations of speech.

As Mrs. Effingham merely inclined her head slightly and dropped her eyes again to her needlework, the Lieutenant went no farther with his confidence than to observe that, under the circumstances, his uncle, the Colonel, ought to be more favorable to Americans than he was.

"He's the dearest of old fellows—like a father to me, Miss Effingham; but I sometimes think I can see some of my queer grandfather's blood in him. Besides, he's been in your country, too; and, although my mother would never tell the secret, I've always thought he must have met some great trouble there."

Neither Cousin Sadie nor the younger lady having the inquisitorial assurance to pursue so delicately personal a subject, the brief ensuing silence was followed by general conversation; and when, upon the appearance of Mr. Effingham in the room, the caller finally laughed his adieux, it was with the understanding that the family would gratefully avail themselves, during their stay, of his avowed ample leisure and superior knowledge of the city.

CHAPTER III.

A CASE IN CHANCERY.

THE arrival of the historical United States frigate at the capital of Borneo proper, to test the practicability of a commercial treaty with Hamet Ali, the putative Malay Sultan of that principal district of the island, was a political result of the great interest that had recently been excited in America by the dramatic story of Sarawak. The *Vincennes* had brought home from the Archipelago some fuller details of events already celebrated in English accounts; and, although Commander Keppel's history of his expedition thither on H. M. S. *Dido* had not yet been published, the world knew the essential facts of Mr. Brooke's heroic battles with Borneon rebels and pirates, and his beneficent advent to a virtual sovereignty of the province he had redeemed from chronic barbarian anarchy.

No episode of modern political history appeals more strikingly to the imagination, or more congenially to man's higher moral nature than the English Rajah's crusade at Sarawak. Born to no higher estate than a patrimony acquired in the civil service of the East India Company in Bengal; diverted by a mere casualty of incidental travel from farther destination to an Indian

cadetship, wherein his highest immediate dream of glory had been nearly fatally realized in a gallant charge over a stockade at Rungpore, in the Brahmapootra valley, during the first Burmese war—this eminent man made no more selfish use of his inheritance of wealth, taste of war and ten years of maturing trips around the world, than to apply them finally to the rescue and Christian civilization of a remote barbaric territory and people, previously known to general mankind chiefly through the imperfect annals of peaceful ships and men assailed, from inaccessible pirate-dens, for two centuries, by the most pitiless freebooters of the Eastern seas.

It was a noble illustration of the imperially confident supremacy of mental and moral culture over the utmost physical force that ignorance and superstition can oppose to it, when the former youthful cadet of the soul-

gers and crews of merchantmen from their piratical despoilers; and, latest, his accompaniment of Captain Keppel's expedition as volunteer guide, counsel and sturdy fighter, when Her Christian Majesty's government had finally been persuaded to avenge immemorial outrages against British commerce, by inflicting signal punishment upon the piratical Sherrefs of the swarming Sarebas and Sakarran rivers.

The merchant had an interest in such exploits as these no less than the moralist; for supplementary to the story of the Christian Rajah's deeds were sanguine prophecies of the new sources of commercial wealth to be available in the Indies, since there was now established a civilized power at a commanding point, to open and protect hitherto virgin regions of the most valuable products of the tropics. Wild tales of endless diamonds,



"WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY TO NUTMEGS, NOW?"

less East India corporation entered the Java Sea, in the spring of 1839, with only his private yacht, *Royalist*, and a staff and crew of less than forty Europeans, to essay, unassisted by any stronger backing than his own indomitable will, the redemption of millions of heathen bondmen from a despotism and darkness practically unbroken for hundreds of years.

How he succeeded and quickly became the literally idolized governor of Sarāwak, a southwestern dependency of Borneo proper, was soon known to outer civilization in news of his decisive victory for honest old Muda Hassim, the Borneo sultanate's viceroy or bandhara, there, over a horde of murderous rebel bandits who had mercilessly ravaged the land for several years.

Later came word of his formal investment with the Rajahship at Bruni, the Borneon capital, by Hamet Ali, and the restoration through his influence of his friend, the bandhara, to the royal favor he had temporarily lost by his misadventures with the rebel Dyaks; his beneficent rule at his own capital city of Kuchin; lifting the merciless Malayan slavery of ages from the patient shoulders of the simple-hearted aborigines, and making of them loyal co-workers in opening all the varied riches of their mighty island to the commercial world; his fearless missions of humanity to savage Sumatra, as well as in Borneo, for the deliverance of captive passen-

gold and coal were in circulation; not to speak of unlimited fresh fields for coffee, opium and nutmeg culture. The United States shared in the credulity of the hour; and its shippers, especially those already in, or having important relations with, the India trade, were prompt to enlist their government and themselves in efforts to make the most of an apparently golden opportunity.

Mr. Effingham was an early participant in the feeling. Born and educated to lead an affluent life of leisure, at his majority he could not resist the national magnetism of business purpose. Some time in the twentieth century may possibly find in the American metropolis an unemployed aristocratic class of sufficient firmness of root and naturalness of growth to require no constrained seclusive cultivation for the sure retention of accessions appropriately its own. In Mr. Effingham's youth the primitive provincial beginning of such a social factor could barely generate enough of a special fostering and protecting atmosphere to sustain its own first meagre proportions; and the consequent tendency of its every fresh shoot possessing any native vigor at all, was to assimilate with the commercial utilitarianism of the hardy young field of national life growing swiftly all around it. Our scion of moneyed leisure was mentally, if not physically, robust and elastic. Immediately upon becoming his own master, he passed unreservedly

into the full whirl of business life, and to such effect that, while yet on the right side of his fiftieth year, the richness of his harvest justified him in thinking of retirement for the repair of a never perfect health. Then, however, occurred the East Indian fever and the sudden celebration of Borneo. The *Comanche* was building for Mr. Effingham's house, and it suggested itself to the shipping merchant, after many consultations with his older friend, Von Gilder, that he could not more happily conjoin sanitary policy with an esthetic climax of a commercial career, than by going with his family, on his own new vessel, upon a luxurious trip to the East, by way of England and Madeira, for a deliberate personal inspection of Rajah Brooke's regenerated Golconda.

This much antedated narrative is necessary as explanatory natural perspective for our characters now in the foreground.

By request of the host of "The Straits," the American merchant, while the ladies were awaiting their caller, had followed a servant to the private managerial office of the hotel, where, lingering longer than he realized in the ante-room, to read over the names of some volumes of old New York newspapers, gazetteers, and commercial reports, there ranged in a glass case, he was surprised by the unusual manner of Mr. Dodge's quickly attending advent.

Coming rapidly along the hall, with his arms briskly swinging back and forth over his chest, in the sweeping movement so popular with hardy cabmen and stevedores when they would "get up a little circulation," the Correspondent in Singapore had leaped high in the open doorway to a powerful finger-hold upon the outer ledge of the casement, drawn himself up, with rigidly-bent knees, to a pendent sitting position, and come down sharply again upon the sill, before discovering that he had a spectator.

"Beg your pardon, really, Mr. Effingham," he puffed, a little abashed. "I didn't expect to find you here—thought you'd be in the office. I always feel so first-rate after my regular afternoon nap. Walk in, sir, walk in."

By this time the merchant was sufficiently accustomed to Mr. Dodge's peculiarly gymnastic manner of expressing his exuberant constitutional superiority to a tropical climate for a fairly philosophical assumption of resignation to it.

"You certainly do appear to be fortunately organized for the neighborhood of the Equator," he remarked, as they proceeded to their conference in the farther room. "That boy of mine has rather a tendency in the same way, I think. By-the-by, I hope he's in no mischief?"

"Well," said the younger man, reflectively, "I think I *did* hear from somebody that he'd been bitten by one of the monkeys in our temporary zoological collection out back of the house, and was next seen hanging bodily on to the cue of one of my Chinese chambermen. I don't think the Equator'll hurt him much."

A troubled smile was the fatherly recognition of this assurance. Cherubino was a much-jointed filial combination of pipe-stem legs and arms, pinned together with a head, particular responsibility for whom was tacitly shifted by either misgiving parent upon the other, until Miss Ankeroo and the human family at large were anguished under the unrelieved vivacity of his fullest American small-boyhood.

With a glance around the cool office, whereof a standing desk, founded on a system of pigeon-holes, a table, two rattan chairs, several maps pasted on the thin walls an iron "safe," and a large Dyak mat, were the furni-

ture, Mr. Effingham settled into his usual practical aspect.

"To go on, now," he resumed, "with the subject of a previous conversation, I've understood you to say that a Dutch brig here in ballast, and suitable to my purpose, can be chartered."

"Exactly so; I've opened negotiations for her. But you might have gone up either river, sir, to Bruni, or to Kuchin, with the *Comanche* herself for that matter. Sir Thomas Cochrane's men-of-war out in the offing here now—the *Agincourt*, *Vixen*, *Pluto*, *Nemesis*, and so on—are all going up to Bruni, they say, before long, with Rajah Brooke, to get back a couple of shipwrecked English sailors imprisoned there since the treaty. The old Sultan's a slippery customer, and there may be some fighting for you to see, if you stay in Borneo long enough. As for the Sarawak River, Sir Edward Belcher's frigate *Samarang*, and Keppel's *Dido*, both found six fathoms of water at ebb spring-tide within biscuit-toss of the Rajah's house."

Mr. Dodge's glibness of information surprised his hearer.

"You appear to be very familiar with Borneo," said Mr. Effingham.

"Why," rejoined the other, "it's only a little over four hundred miles from here to Kuchin, and I've been there several times, on Mr. Brooke's own antimony schooner, the *Swift*, to go up the country, for a way, after animals. There is an odd sort of old Englishman living up there—a doctor and naturalist, and queer genius generally—who's got a living orang-outang that I'm bound to have yet for Mr. Barnum, if it costs a fortune."

"And you think," pursued the merchant, gravely ignoring this branch of discovery, "that the feasibility of immediate coffee culture in that region has been exaggerated?"

"I don't believe in it myself," answered Mr. Dodge, confidently. "Look at Rajah Brooke himself, how he sticks to his antimony ore, even though some Chinamen are trenching a diamond mine for him at a place called Sintah, up the Sarawak, and he owns an opium farm two hours' walk from Kuchin. Gold and tin and diamonds may be all there, as they say; but my idea is that there's more money in rice, antimony and sago. There's coal there, too, undoubtedly. But what should you say to nutmegs, now?" suggested the versatile Felix, leaning toward his attentive auditor, a hand on either knee, with abrupt access of animation.

"I shall be pleased to hear your own opinion of them," remarked Mr. Effingham, with a smile.

"There's money in nutmegs!" continued this off-hand commercial cyclopedia, energetically. "On Penang, up the Strait here, one gentleman has cleared fourteen thousand pounds in a year by them. Seventy years ago, when the East India Company had a port at Balambangan, in the northernmost notch of Borneo, they sent a ship to hunt for nutmegs in New Guinea; yet right along the coast, not far north of Sarawak, is the island of Sumpudin, with wild nutmegs growing on it as thick as hops. You see, sir, they need salt air. If I was in the planting way myself, I'd rent that island from Hamet Ali and go into the cultivation at once. It could be had for a song. There are your canary trees all ready to shade your shoots while you are turning your wild nutmegs into the eatable kind; and," added the host of "The Straits," with a concluding triumphant wave of his hands, "you can hire all your labor done by Chinamen ready to work for their mere bread—and Buddha!"

By way of dignified rebuke to his correspondent's too frequent paronomastic infirmity of speech, Mr. Effingham had, several times since his arrival, pointedly discontinued conversation at its appearance. With some impatience of manner he now ended the conference by rising from his chair for the purpose of rejoining the ladies.

And to them, after the lapse of a day, the story now also returns.

Considerate intercession by his uncle's warm friend, the Governor, and indulgent blindness on the part of the captain of the *Cressy*, enabled the chivalrous English lieutenant to devote himself, as he had proposed, to the duty of chaperon of the party. The head of the family went with them in their initiatory round of the "City of the Lions," to the stately Government House, the Fortress on the Hill, the richly-stocked Botanical Gardens, the famous Institution of Oriental Philology, and even shared their unsatisfactory exterior viewing of such jealously exclusive attractions as the Mosque and the Buddhist and Hindoo Temples. At that point, however, he relinquished the squiredom of dames almost wholly to their assiduous young cavalier; the while he and Mr. Dodge were occupied in supervising the outfit of the brig *Wettevreden* for Borneo, and acquiring requisite information from friendly acquaintances in local commercial circles.

At all the dinner-parties to which they were hospitably invited during their sojourn, whether given by polite official households or those of neighborly merchants, the Effinghams were sure to meet Belmore. With boy-like thoughtlessness of anything savoring of tact, the handsome sailor made it obvious to the least observant eye that it was the delight of his life to be with them on any and every occasion; and if Miss Effingham, in the usually cool manner of the sex in its insensate 'teens, took it all as a matter of course, Miss Ankeroo pronounced him a paragon of good, obliging boys, and Mrs. Effingham's habitual gentleness of demeanor seemed yet more softened for him into an approving motherliness of regard no less marked because it was so pensive and quiet.

Accustomed to a yet more ardent summer sun in their own land, the American ladies were not averse to excursions by carriage at any hour of the balmy equatorial day. Abretta's piquant gypsy straw hat, with its graceful white feather and veil, and Cousin Sadie's unsparing spectacles, soon became associated in the popular mind with the most detailed views possible to be taken of every object of interest in Singapore by foreign eyes. For Miss Ankeroo's particular benefit there were visits to the mission and Chinese schools, and a trip into the interior of the island as far as the Jesuit missionary village of Bukit-tima.

While Mr. Effingham was across some bridge, among the counting-houses on the more mercantile side of the river of the town, intent on matters of business, his tireless deputy was taking mother, daughter, cousin—and sometimes unavoidable son—on picturesque sails, between shores of mangroves, up the Peloi way; escorting them through the curious *omnium gatherum* of Chinese or Kling bazar; guarding them along the original Malayan town, or Campong Glam, built on water-washed piles, and most comfortable to inspect from a flat-bottomed sampan: there to see a trading prahu from the Moluccas, whose every plank, mast, sail, rope, oar and awning was made from the cocoanut tree, and whose whole cargo—oil to burn at night, and food and "grog" to consume by day—were all of the same generous and stately palm. His was the familiar-

ized intelligence to aid their discrimination and appreciation of even a greater variety of nationalities and costumes, in the streets and on the drives, than they had wondered at in Batavia—plump and thrifty bare-headed Chinese merchants, in ample white smocks and trousers of blue, with long cues tipped gayly with red silk; gaunt Klings from Western India, in turbans and zouave-like dresses; Arabs, in flowing white robes; yellow-faced Malays, in many-colored open jackets, wearing the inevitable deadly kris in the gatherings of their sarong, or native kilt; Portuguese clerks and shopmen, in their favorite white; Bugis traders from Celebes—the Yankees of the Archipelago—in half-European, half-Malayan attire; Parsees, Javanese, Bengalese, Coolies; Englishmen, in the invariable tight coats, waistcoats and trousers of their kind for any climate, and an occasional uniform from the garrison on Pearl Hill or the frigates in the harbor.

An association of this daily practical character between the young man and his fair charges, prefaced, as it had been, by an instinctive common liking, could not fail to engender an intimacy of feeling more likely to endure than if it had sprung from any other experience of social travel. The habit, on the one hand, of finding a delightful new pleasure in accustomed things, from being able to show them for the first time to immediately appreciative minds; and, on the other, of depending exclusively upon an individual intelligence for the guidance of every untried step and novel perception—is always more or less subtly implicative of a mutual relation much closer than that of any ordinary acquaintance. Thence Belmore and the Effinghams unconsciously blended into one family, as it were, during these pleasant days at Singapore; and as unconscious were they all that something especially in the involuntary magnetism of the tactiturn Mrs. Effingham's permanent manner toward the youthful naval officer, went farther than any other factor to open his inmost heart to them.

One evening in their room at the hotel, after a somewhat fatiguing trip to the gambir plantations and tiger-pits of the northern part of the narrow island, returning from which they had caught sight of the *Constitution*, with studding sails set aloft and below, standing out of the Roads for Borneo and an answer to her diplomatic mission; while the music of the garrison band sounded in final cadence through the window-casements from the Parade, and Mr. Effingham withdrew to the lower balcony for a post-prandial cigar—a pause in the conversation started by Miss Ankeroo on the merits of the agar-agar jelly of sea-weed, shellfish, soup, rice and hot vegetables sold by the criers in the street, was succeeded by an irrelative exclamation from our domesticated Lieutenant:

"What a nuisance it is to be poor!"

"Well, now," rejoined Miss Ankeroo, "of all places in the world to say that in, this is the last! Think of that Jesuit missionary at Bukit-tima being 'passing rich on' thirty 'pounds a year.' I'm told that one sago palm, only needing to be chopped down, is ample twelve-months' food for a hearty man; and here in Singapore you can buy a good meal at any corner for three pence!"

"I mean that I wish my family had what rightfully belongs to it," resumed Belmore, with an audible sigh. "When I noticed this afternoon that you ladies were made homesick by seeing that frigate move off, I thought of my own home in England, and my uncle—and then about our estate in Chancery."

"Your uncle, I think you have told us, is stationed here," said Mrs. Effingham casually.

"For the time, ma'am. You know these 'Straits Settlements,' as they are called, are subordinate to the presidency of Bengal. Uncle William is only temporarily transferred here; he has been for years in India. I'm staying at his quarters up on the Hill, but he's on a visit to his old friend, Mr. Brooke, in Borneo. You see, Mr. Brooke's financial agent, Mr. Henry Wise, came here from England, and Uncle and he went to Sarawak together."

"How I do long to see the Rajah of Sarawak!" cried Abretta. Then added, with quick revulsion to a subject even more immediately congenial to her imagination, "I should think, Mr. Belmore, that you would prefer some profession allowing you to stay at home and look after your fortune."

"That's just where it is, Miss Effingham!" continued he excitedly, moving his chair nearer to hers. "This happens to be the very part of the world where Uncle Will and I must look for a solution of our troubles—that is, if there is any hope anywhere."

Here the startling diversion of a juvenile snore from beneath the settee was a jarring revelation that Master Cherubino had been overtaken by heavy slumber there, while undoubtedly seeking surreptitious auditory under the common infantile conviction that to be an unknown and undesired presence to one's elders is to be happy; and he was promptly grated forth by Miss Ankeroo and summarily escorted by her toward his own supplementary chamber, in that dazed condition of mind and speech which is peculiar to the rudely interrupted repose of dreamless childhood.

"Why, Mr. Belmore," pursued Abretta, too much interested for even a pardonable sisterly interjection, "it seems strange that an estate in the English Court of Chancery should have anything to do with the East Indies."

Mrs. Effingham now interposed:

"My daughter!"

"Don't object, Mrs. Effingham, please," pleaded the young man, earnestly. "It's very good in her—and you all—to show an interest in a poor fellow's affairs. Quite a romance it is, too, if you'll allow me to tell what I know about it."

"Oh, do!" was the impulsive response of his younger auditor—and that was enough.

"This is the way of it, ladies," continued he, speaking rapidly: "I have already told you that my great-grandfather—the grandfather of my mother and Uncle Will—was a very eccentric kind of man. My great-grandmother, whom he married in America, was his second wife. His first was English, from Devonshire, and died while their only son was a baby. That was my grand-uncle Roderick, and we hardly ever mention him now, except when telling the story. He and his father must have been very much alike, for they both loved each other dearly, and never agreed, and at last hated each other."

"That is apt to be the case, indeed," remarked Mrs. Effingham quietly.

"Yes: the ultimate antagonism of likes, I suppose philosophers would call it. The family estate, and very valuable, too, is not far from Reigate, in Surrey; and a much more secluded, wild place than you'd think from the nearness to London. After the death of Roderick's mother, my great-grandfather went roving all over the face of the globe, leaving his son to be brought up by servants and schoolmasters. When, finally, he brought my great-grandmother home with him from America, and the lad showed jealousy, he caressed him like a dotard, and said, over and over again, that it was only

to secure him a renewal of a mother's care that he himself had married again at all. As I was saying the other day, I'm afraid my great-grandfather was not half good enough for his American wife."

"Then why did she marry an Englishman?" broke in Miss Effingham hotly.

Again the motherly remonstrance: "My daughter!"

"Oh, never mind, ma'am, if she will be so hard on us," momentarily disconcerted. "But, to proceed with the story: As time went on, and my great-uncle Sidney and grandfather were born, Roderick grew up to have a taste in his turn for roving about the world. In spite of his father's wishes, he never gave any sign of settling at home again until Sidney had a commission in the army; and then he brought home with him from a reckless sort of hunting bout somewhere in Ireland, the wildest kind of a wild Irishman, whom he had rescued from death at the hands of his own people for 'informing' or 'warning' an unpopular landlord, or something in that line. We've never, any of us, known exactly what it was. The man's name was Ruadh Something-or-other. Uncle Will says that his father, Sidney, you know, could remember him as a regular curiosity of uncivilization—red-haired from head to foot, they said, like a shaggy dog, and scarcely more than an unreasoning, devoted kind of animal, as the family thought. He was to be the cause of no end of mischief. He took to my great-grandfather at once, with as extravagant a devotion as to his younger master, and they let him be a sort of gardener, man-of-all-work, body-servant, and pretty much everything else he chose, in that carelessly-ordered house; but, from the very first, he seemed to entertain a brute-like, jealous aversion to my grandfather and his brother Sidney. My great-grandmother died; my grandfather married a daughter of a captain in the navy, with only his pay, against the prejudices of the old gentleman, and grand-uncle Sidney took his part. Then he cast them both off, my great-grandfather did, you know, and he and Roderick and Ruadh formed a mutual admiration society by themselves."

"How unnatural!" murmured Abretta.

"Not for their kind, you know," went on Belmore.

"They were three odd mortals together. But it didn't last. Some money question brought all the love between parent and favorite son to grief with a grand blow-up, and Roderick went tearing away from home in an awful rage, while his father fell down in a bad fit. As the other servants of the house subsequently testified, from that time forth Ruadh dogged his aged master's every step, slept at his room-door at night, and seemed to be wholly under control of some unspoken instinct of fear for him.

"Word presently came that Roderick was in Amsterdam, and that his half-brother Sidney, Uncle Will's father, you know, was about to marry. Characteristically enough, the old gentleman took the latter piece of news with comparative unconcern, but broke forth into renewed fearful rage against his first-born, whom he cursed for deserting him. You see what his consistency was. Finally, he had another terrible fit, and, upon reviving from it, only to be warned by his physician that he had but a few days more to live, sent in hot haste for a lawyer, with the avowed intention of cutting off Roderick with a shilling.

"He was perfectly clear-headed when the lawyer came, and, in a strong voice, ordered him to draw up, on the spot, a will leaving everything in equal parts to my grandfather and Uncle Will's father, calling the physician also to witness his intention. The instrument was drawn, read to him, and the housekeeper



HE WAS RAISED UP BY THE DOCTOR AND THE LAWYER, AND HE SIGNED.

summoned to be a second witness. Meanwhile Ruadh knelt at the foot of the bed, silent and crossing himself. The paper was placed before the dying man on a book; he was raised up by the doctor and the lawyer, and he signed. The lawyer had hardly carried the will to a table, and the housekeeper was signing, when an ominous sound from the bed drew them all back thither in breathless alarm. My great-grandfather was dead in five minutes, and no one has ever seen that will again to this day!"

Lieutenant Belmore discontinued his rapidly-spoken recital for a moment to take breath and change position.

"A strange piece of carelessness on the part of the lawyer, I should think," said Mrs. Effingham, mechanically; "but it must have left all three of the sons equal heirs then."

"I'm sure that creature Ruadh had something to do with it," was the more characteristic remark of the daughter.

"Oh, don't you spoil my little romance by anticipating me, Miss Effingham! Yes, Ruadh and the will had gone off together; and not only that, but a lot of title-deeds, some money, and the first sheet of grand-uncle Roderick's offending letter from Amsterdam were also missing from a partly-rifled secretary in the bed-chamber. These, though, must have been abstracted before the day of the death, and—as equally important papers were left behind—without any intelligent knowledge of their relative values. That is, all except the part of the letter. The fellow must have taken that for the address."

"Could he read?" asked Abretta.

"Not a syllable," continued Belmore; "he must have done it by instinct. And, more, he could have known only in the dimmest sort of way that the dying will meant harm to the absent master possessing his brute-love. But you are wrong, Mrs. Effingham, about the equal inheritance left. In the same secretary I'm talking about was found an earlier will, disinheriting my grandfather and Uncle Will's father in favor of Mr. Roderick."

"I'm telling this story awfully," went on the young man, his voice sinking disconsolately. "I know I'm making a mull of it, with all its 'greats' and 'grands' and that sort of thing. Uncle Will does it a great deal better; but I'm near the end now."

"You needn't be told that when, almost instantly after the sudden death-scene, the hardly-yet-dry will was missed from the table, and the Irish factotum nowhere to be seen, those interested knew how to put two and two together. Within forty-eight hours, however, a letter came from the diplomatic office in Holland, saying that Roderick had just died in Amsterdam in a fit. This seemed to end all trouble about the estate—not an entailed one, you'll understand. As a precaution, Ruadh was traced by the police to Reigate and London and then on board a vessel leaving Liverpool for the Zuyder-Zee. He had gone to Amsterdam after Roderick, paying his way with the stolen sovereigns."

"There might have been no farther particular care for the poor devoted animal if, all at once, just as newly-married grand-uncle Sidney and my grandfather, summoned home from London, were about entering into their rights, a strange lady from Ireland, with a weakly infant, had not suddenly come forward as the clandestinely-married wife of Roderick—with proper marriage-lines to show, too—and claimed the estate."

"Now you can see how it all got into Chancery. The widow would have all or none; the lawyer, physician and housekeeper could swear to the contents and signing of the revocating instrument; but it could not be produced—and there was the earlier will, all straight and regular. There was nothing for it but Chancery, with a stated allowance for the widow and babe—they'd been living near London—and a renewed chase after Ruadh. They traced him again going from Amsterdam to Batavia, down here in Java, as a Dutch officer's servant, and then into the lunatic department of the military hospital there; gone mad, it was supposed, in terror of the conjectured coming of our fleet if the wars of Napoleon went on."

"This is why Uncle Will originally took service under

the Company in India, after that secret trouble of his in the United States. He has ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Ruadh certainly escaped from the hospital and managed to get to Sambas, just south of Sarawak, in Borneo, when it was sure England could take Batavia; and that he always had with him, and took with him, an oilskin packet, worn next his shaggy breast, perpetually, and secured by a cord around the neck.

The long-drawn breaths of his auditors in the darkening room, gave evidence that the story thus ending had worked adequately upon their silent fancies. Against the clearer dimness of the air beyond one of the open windows two graceful feminine heads and shadowy forms could be discerned; the gentleman sitting close by, with his face to them and the casement.

"Mr. Belmore," said Mrs. Effingham in a low, mea-



THE CURIOUS OMNIUM GATHERUM OF THE CHINESE BAZAR.

The hospital officials supposed it to be some kind of 'charm,' and, as he was harmless in his lunacy, never took it from him—but it must have been the will and the other papers.

"From Sambas, where the Dutch have some foothold, we have not been able to get the slightest hint of his fate. He went there in a Malay prahu, in which he had taken refuge when flying from the hospital. So our family romance has stood in all the years since. The widow died, though her son is living yet, I believe, in spite of his weakness. My grandfather, my mother and Uncle Will's father are all gone, too. But my uncle will never give up, and I think he's infected me a little with the same infatuation. At any rate, it's enough of a romance, you know, to be kept alive for the credit of the name."

sured tone of speaking reverly, "you have not mentioned the name of your great-grandfather."

"Have I not?" he returned surprisedly. "Perhaps that was my modesty, ma'am—I'm named after him. He was Sir Edwin—knighthood for carrying up a loyal address some time—Sir Edwin Daryl."

"Oh!"

There was such a pause before Mrs. Effingham returned this commonplace sign of attention, that both of her companions glanced at her more particularly. They saw only that she was looking away from them toward the not remote water view beginning to sparkle under a rising moon, where lights were coming upon prahu and ship-of-war, near and distant, like remembrances of a far past kindling slowly in the retrospective first watch of the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ANGELINE CITY.

BY G. W. OWEN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH.]

"A small party of prospectors recently crossing the country from Fort Renor to the Saguach Range, lost the trail and nearly perished for want of water, but thanks to the instinct of their mules were finally led to a hitherto undiscovered valley in a spur of the mountains, where a large stream of water and excellent pasture land were found. A small band of Indians belonging, probably, to the Malheur or Dolorese tribe, have always lived here in their primeval state of savage simplicity. The discovery of this valley will furnish the long-needed means of pushing through the projected railroad to connect the rich gold-bearing region of the Saguach Range with the Pacific trunk lines. A charter for this connecting branch was obtained three years ago by a company of Eastern capitalists interested in the Saguach mines, but it was found that the region was so entirely destitute of water as to be impracticable for a railroad. A line by the newly-found valley will be but a few miles longer, thus affording a half-way station, which will do away with all obstacles to the successful operation of the road. It will now be pushed forward without delay."

A DULL gray expanse on every side—no road, no dwelling, no line of fence, no trees, no growing verdure, no change in outline on any side in the dim, indistinct distance. Overhead the same dull gray expanse, empty and barren as the earth beneath, no pile of puffy white clouds or long braids of "mackerel sky," no high blue dome cupping down around the edge of the world, but rather a high flat plate with a fierce and intolerable glare of light extended on every side, but nowhere seemed to curve down like a sheltering sky. It looked as though there was no bound nor limit of a horizon anywhere, but instead open space, which led away between the flat of earth and the flat of sky, maybe into Limbo or Terra Tenebris. A savage, sharp wind tore in between these hard, arid plates and threw dust and small stones along the space.

Three figures came along—three men riding mules. The animals walked mechanically, slowly; one of the riders sat listlessly, taking no heed of anything; his head drooped forward; his eyes, unwinking, glared before him, and his lips, black and swollen, hung apart.

"Keep your mouth shut, can't ye? You will die if you don't keep your mouth shut," said the one who rode close beside him, fiercely. The first made no response; he seemed to hear nothing.

The speaker showed in every look and motion anxiety and horror, and over everything else a furious rage. He broke into horrible oaths, he cursed the earth and the heavens, he damned his companions and the animals, then gave anathemas upon himself, his head, his eyes, his hands, his feet; he seemed to take himself member by member and curse himself. He beat his mule, which, however, gave no sign of knowing it.

The third rider paid no attention to the others. He held in his hand a small pocket compass; his head drooped forward, with his chin resting upon his breast, and he could not raise it; his eyes were fixed upon the compass and he jabbered incessantly and monotonously.

"If it is nine o'clock then the sun must be in the east—and that way is west—we went south from the fort—so now we must go to the north. If it is four o'clock then the sun must be in the west and that way is east—we went south from the fort—so now we must go to the north. The watch is stopped. If it is nine o'clock—"

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And then he repeated every word over again, never looking off from the compass and slowly moving one finger around the face.

"Can't you stop that, damn ye! You have gabbled that infernal stuff all day," said the first speaker, after he had gone over with the litany of his individual maledictions. The other made no reply, only:

"—the sun must be in the east—and that way is west—we went south from the fort—"

By and by he lost the idea of the opposite points of the compass and would go through his formula, saying:

"If it is nine o'clock then the sun must be in the east—and that way is east—we went east from the fort—so now we must go to the east. The watch is stopped. If it is four o'clock then the sun is in the west—that way must be west—we went west—" So he went on hour after hour. After a while he would begin, "—then the sun is in the north—" and so mutter on, still keeping his logical sequence, but not knowing east or west or north or south.

And still the curses rolled in a voice of rage and fury from the other. God and his Son, and heaven and hell, and every name of fiend and power of good and evil were defied and adjured and called upon. So the mules slowly staggered on, till suddenly, as they came to a little rise of ground, a wind from another direction met them.

Each at once raised his head and drew in a longer breath with his shuddering sides, then turned with a sharp whirl almost at right angles, and, with shaking and hurried gait, hastened forward. Their gasping and demented riders gave no heed to their course; they only kept in the saddle because the mules balanced their swaying forms, both men and animals unconsciously clinging to each other. This ghastly group of life, which was more than half dead, moved on faster and faster. At last a clump of green willow stems a foot high was close before the foremost mule. The rider, who was still muttering oaths with parched and cracking lips, started as he saw this and shouted, "Water!"

Farther on were other bushes, higher and greener. He slipped off his mule, and, unable to stand, fell in a heap; then, after a moment of breathless rest, he drew himself up, and, with curses of rage, staggered on where the willows were growing. The animals followed close with their noses to the earth. The other riders vacantly kept on; the first pushed them off and they lay helplessly on the ground.

The mules hurried on, but the men all lay by the willows. The first, with shaking hands, drew a long knife from a case at his belt and began to dig in the earth, furiously, madly, like a wild beast, cutting into the ground with the knife and pawing out the dirt with his hand. Soon it was moist—then wet. He laid his face in the wet earth and scooped again in the hole deep as he could reach.

Gasping, he lay a minute resting, then dragged himself farther on and began to dig again, not so fast now and with weaker strokes. When the wet earth was reached he scooped the hole into a cup at the bottom and crawled back to the first.

A pint of clear, cool water was in the bottom. The sight of it seemed to fire his almost exhausted rage

again, and, with imprecations, he cut a strap which held the tin cup to his belt and dipped it full.

He seemed to breathe the water as he drew it into his mouth. Then he looked to his comrades.

"Van Cleve! Van Cleve! Damn you! here's water—here's water! Shut your infernal mouth, Van Cleve, here's water!"

Van Cleve lay motionless; he breathed only at intervals; his face was black and swollen, and ridges of veins stood out on his forehead. But Reignor, who still held the compass, muttered: "Water? water? If it is nine o'clock the water is in the east—then the water is in the west."

Guilfoyl, still lying on the ground, reached to Van Cleve's neck and drew off a neckerchief tied round his throat; he sopped it in the water gathering again in the hole and then squeezed a little stream into the parched and black lips and laid the dripping cloth over his mouth. Guilfoyl was stronger now. He crawled to the second hole, dipped a cupful of water, and came back and held it to the mouth of Reignor, who now sat reeling upon the sand, moving his lips in a soundless repetition of his formula. It had been a theory of his that it was entirely unnecessary for one to become lost and bewildered when away from familiar landmarks—that if one had good common sense and an ordinary knowledge of time and place, he would be able to "orient his locality," as he was wont to say, "by using a little logic."

Long after this, when telling of this experience, he would sometimes say musingly: "Possibly, if I had not lost my watch-key, I should have kept the way; but I will never risk the experiment." And it was noticed that, although he still remained in that region years after as government surveyor, he would never go out with a small party.

A mile or more from where the gasping men lay there was a sound of uproarious childish laughter. A dozen children were chasing each other in a strip of soft, moist sand beside shallow pools of clear water. Whenever three or four could reach one they would seize upon him by arms and legs, or anyway, and carry him struggling in their grasp till, if possible, they could drag him to the water's edge and toss him in. If he could slip from their hands he would grasp one of the others; who, if he could be held long enough, took the splashing.

The shouting and laughter filled all the air. The flashing black eyes and shining hair and wide-open mouths full of white teeth made as bright a scene as the sun ever saw. Their bare brown arms and legs flew every way, and the half-naked bodies were lean and quick-springing as young hawks.

Toward this group came the "hirsty mules. They drank up all the first pool of water, and thus came on to the next; nor did they part till only the muddy bottom of that was left. The boys hushed their play and stood looking at them, silent, till one shouted "Strangers!" in his native tongue, and ran back from the rest.

Then soon came several Indians, tall and grave, wrapped in Navajoe blankets. They examined the mules, the saddles and all the trappings with curious exactness. Not a buckle nor rivet nor mark escaped them. Nothing was moved, nor were the knapsacks upon the saddles loosened. Then they led the mules back. No word was spoken. Each one saw for himself that these were not animals of any of their neighbor tribes, either friend or foe. With aboriginal courtesy no one would be so rude as to speak what was plainly to be seen by each.

As they went back up the valley the pools of water were larger and closer together. Green, fresh grass grew beside them, and cottonwood trees came in sight. The bridles were taken from the mules, lariats were fastened to them, and they were left to eat the fresh pasture. When all was done, all the men stood waiting a moment, and the oldest one said:

"These mules belong to no tribes that I ever heard of. They do not belong to our race. Some of the young men go back on their trail until they find the riders."

When the young men returned they brought in the three white men. They were laid to rest in a tent upon soft couches of hides, and fed with broth of buffalo meat and corn. By the next day they were able to walk about, and determined to start for the fort the following morning.

All their movements and everything in their appearance was curiously observed by the Indians who had never seen any whites before. Only one of the Indians held himself away. Years before he had come to this valley, a stranger, with a boy two years old in his arms. He was naked and famishing with hunger and thirst. He said to those who met him, speaking imperfectly a few words of their language:

"My name is Black-Eagle. I have no brothers. All my people are slain. My wife and my four children are wrapped in their robes."

After these words he stood silent, watching the looks of the group around him. "Last Star," the old mother of the chief "Fire," reached out her arms and took the faint, almost lifeless child to her bosom. "Fire" took the hand of "Black-Eagle" and said:

"My brother."

Then they saw in the hand of Black-Eagle his long hunting-knife; it had been held close along his arm ready to slay his child and himself if the strangers had proved unfriendly.

Black-Eagle had lived among them always sad and silent; his only thought or care had been the training of his boy, whose name signified "Left-by-his-Mother."

When Black-Eagle saw the three strangers, a gleam of bitter hate showed for a moment in his face, and he turned away. But he watched them distrustfully; he kept them always in sight; and when, the next day toward sunset, they walked up the valley along the clear, swift stream of water, he beckoned to some of the chiefs near him, and they slowly followed.

"Well, I never saw the like of this!" said Van Cleve, who six months before had been a regularly-barbered, fawn-color-dressed, cream-faced, patent-laundried young man in Philadelphia. Now his face was red and blistered, and often unwashed for days, and his dress was blue flannel and boots.

"That is your daily devotions, Van," said Guilfoyl. "You say that the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night."

"But look at this river. The farther we go up stream the larger it is. It is deeper and wider and runs faster up here than down below. When we first came last night there was nothing but shallow puddles in the sand."

"Hear the blamed fool!" said Guilfoyl. "Blasphemy your eyes, that is the way rivers always do in this country—start up in the buttes with a chunk of water chopped off square on the top side. They run down hill, and if they don't find a cañon with a rock bottom to hold them, they peter out in the blanked sand on the

* The Indian dead are wrapped in their robes and laid on high scaffolds above the reach of wild animals.

blanked prairies. The blank-blanked sand and sun licks them up."

Guilfoyl's profanity was no sign of excitement; it was his vernacular; he pronounced oaths as any one speaks his native tongue—as a Frenchman talks French, or a Teuton speaks German. His acquaintances never noticed it, nor for that matter did strangers. In this region strangers soon learn to accept everything without question. If Guilfoyl's imprecations exceeded the average, it was nothing more than if he had been taller or shorter than another, or if he had had black eyes instead of gray ones.

Van Cleve remembered that he had read of "lost rivers," which were swallowed up in the arid plains at the foot of mountain ranges, and said nothing.

The stream was a large, swift river here. On both sides were wide, fertile grass-lands and corn-fields. High, rocky spurs of the mountains came down like two great arms and sheltered the valley between them. Flocks of sheep picked the growths at the foot of the hills, and herds of ponies fed in the pastures. All along the hillside were the homes of the happy, peaceful Indians, built partly of adobe, and partly covered with hides, or often with fresh green boughs of trees. The hundred families in this valley had dwelt here always, so few, so quiet, and so hidden in the bosom of the Mother Mountains—Sierra Madre—by her cherishing arms that no whites had ever known of their existence. The tribes around knew of the place as well as of other similar ones, but the secret was carefully kept. In these valleys grow grapes and plums and bull-berries, which are dried and furnish abundant food. Tribes who live on the plains go to these valleys in the fruit season and get a supply for the year.

"What are you about, Reignor, with your cursed whirligig of a compass?" suddenly cried Guilfoyl.

"I am going to locate this valley so that we can come here again."

"Come here again! Come to this blessed trap over that blooming hell-fire of a prairie again!"

"Hold on a minute, Guilfoyl. Just get that longest willow-stem. Now, you and Van Cleve come over this way. Hurry, or the sun will be down before I get the line to the Peak. That is Bald Peak up there," and he pointed to a high, sharp point of the mountain range at the head of the valley. "We can see that from the fort with a glass. Now, hold it steady till I get the range of the Peak."

Reignor set his little compass carefully on the back of his hand and held it steadily on a level. "That will do." And he hurriedly drew a few lines on a scrap of soiled and wrinkled paper, which he had found in his pocket.

"Now, a little more. Hold the stick and just as the sun disappears below the horizon tell me. I must keep this compass steady somehow."

"Sun 's down!" shouted Van Cleve.

Reignor drew his lines and the direction of his angles.

"That is near as I can get now. I'll take the bearings at sunrise again."

"What in the everlasting mule team do you want to find this way-down hole again for?"

"Why, I came out here two years ago to survey a line for the Saguach Railroad and we never could get it through because there was no water. By going off the direct line I believe we can have a half-way station here. We ran our line not twenty miles below those pools of water once, I believe. But this valley is hidden so that you can't see a green thing till you are fairly in its jaws."

"By the jumping thunderbolts!" said Guilfoyl; and Van Cleve, who had learned the caution of the West not to speak out his thought, said to himself with a suppressed whistle:

"Whew! Blister mining stock will go up," and immediately began to indite an imaginary order to a broker to take all he could get of "Blister," which had barely held its name in the stock reports with an insignificant unit and a fraction for more than a year.

During all this Black-Eagle and his comrades had stood unobserved, but closely watching the three white men. When they took the range of Bald Peak and then watched the sinking sun so closely, Black-Eagle's face changed so that the others thought of his look of desperation when he first stood before them with his famished son in his arms.

"Wah-Sica!" he muttered in a tone which chilled the hearts of his hearers. This word, which means "Fiend of Evil," is the only name his people have for white men. It is more emphatic and superlative than "Red devil."

"Do they render worship to the sun and the mountain?" said Feet-of-the-Fox.

"No," said Black-Eagle, "they make the sun and the mountain give homage to them. They are putting a spell upon the sun and the mountain to make them give this valley, your home, to the Wah-Sica."

"But the mountain and the sun are our parents; they will keep us. No spirit is so strong as they are."

"The Wah-Sica will drive you naked with your starved children in your arms out of this valley," said Black-Eagle. "So they did my people."

The rest looked with a kind of astonished terror in each other's faces.

"They came to our land many suns from here and they made incantations to their devils with long rods and chains of iron and the round sun which they laid on an altar of three sticks. They looked through a large gun which made no noise nor smoke, and from which nothing came out that could be seen nor felt, but with it they could reach the hills which were beyond the cañon. They went away and we could see nothing which they had left anywhere, only a little stick in the ground. After some moons others came and soldiers with them; we did not wish to go away. My people are all dead."

His head drooped and he drew his robe over his face. The group stood silent. The three strangers came back loitering past them. They were gaining strength after the rescue of the day before. Guilfoyl said "How!" to the Indians and half extended his hand in the salutation, which is never neglected among friendly Indians. They answered "How," but no hand was extended to meet his.

A sense of danger at once flashed into his mind, but not a shade of the feeling came to his eye nor face. He smiled indifferently. His companions said "How" also and they passed on.

As they sat upon the robes in the tent that evening, Guilfoyl said:

"Look here, boys, we start at daylight for the fort. If we fill all the canteens the mules can take us through before the next night. We'll strike a trail southeast from Bald Peak."

"It is a good place to rest here for a few days longer," said Van Cleve. "I don't feel fairly picked up yet and besides there is a deuced plump and limber-looking young squaw that carried water by here to-day. I am going to cut the buttons off my jacket and give her in the morning."

"Ha'n't you got any sense in your infernal tongue?" burst out Guilfoyl. "There won't any of us be alive here by noon. That tall, black-looking buck with the scowl is of some other tribe than the rest of these, and he is putting them up to some condemned deviltry. We must keep guard to-night. I'll take the first watch."

"They have fed us well," said Reignor. "Can it be they suspected anything when I took the bearings of the Peak?"

"You can never tell what the (expletive) infernal treacherous red devils are up to," said Guilfoyl. Neither he nor the others thought that the word treachery had any application to themselves.

Then he added:

"Our revolvers are all right, and we will let them see that we have them. We must guard each other every minute."

After the others were asleep Guilfoyl silently raised the flap of the tent and looked out.

Several Indians, wrapped in blankets and apparently sound asleep, lay close about the tent. As he watched for a moment, one, with a sleepy grunt, rolled partly over nearer him. Then Guilfoyl knew that his party were watched. At midnight he roused Reignor, and then took a short and uneasy sleep.

At dawn all were awake; the remnants of jerked meats and corn given them the day before were stowed away, and with arms plainly in sight and every sense alert, they issued from their shelter, thanked the group of young men around for the help and care given them, and begged them to accept for themselves and the rest of their people the silver coins which they placed in a pile at the door of the tent.

Without waiting for a response they hastily went to the mules near by. Guilfoyl stood with a revolver in each hand, while Van Cleve filled their canteens and Reignor led up the animals. All drank fully from the stream, and with many a wary glance backward, rode down the valley. The tense strain of haste and vigilance held them like iron long after they were out of sight of any trace of the valley. Each knew that nothing but the plainly-seen fact of their readiness had enabled them to escape.

But for this overshadowing peril, perhaps they would have felt a dread of entering the hungry desolation of the barren waste over which lay their journey, but the sense of joy at their escape overcame any other feeling, and when the sun rose they carefully took the relative bearings of Bald Peak, and pushed on in the direction of the fort.

In the valley peace and happiness seemed to have departed. The words of Black-Eagle had been repeated everywhere. They seemed incredible and impossible. Yet they had all heard, many times before, how their people had been driven from every pleasant place and fertile land by white men. Still such a fearful fate could not come upon them. Their fathers had dwelt here ever since the sun began to shine, the old men said. If they had fully believed all the warnings of Black-Eagle the three strangers would have died, if it had cost twenty lives; but this seeming impossibility had made the Indians undecided, and the prompt wary start of the whites had been successful.

The apprehension and fear did not lessen, and finally some of the young men came to Left-by-his-Mother and begged him to go with them and ask his father how—if in any way—the spell could be taken from the mountain and the sun.

"There is no way," said Black-Eagle, "if they live to reach the stone tents of the Wah-Sica."

Then his son said:

"We will follow after and they shall not see the sun rise again."

"Go on," said Black-Eagle, "avenge your mother and your brothers."

Then Left-by-his-Mother took with him ten of his friends, and they followed on after the Wah-Sica.

"Not too fast," said the leader; "we will strike them after the stars begin to turn down."

The three white men journeyed on. About noon, as they had hoped, they came to a line of beaten foot-prints, faintly marked in the dry and arid soil, and knew that the trail would lead them to Fort Renor. They paused to eat a portion of the meat, and gave a handful of moistened corn to the mules, then hurried on.

"The (emphasized) red devils will follow us, if they really meant any mischief," said Guilfoyl, who had not ceased to look behind him.

When Mr. Horatius Bickford, President of the Consolidated International Railway, Vice-President of The Fourth National Bank of Metropolia, secretary and chief director of several mining companies and various insurance companies, and one of the directors of almost every enterprise which had stock in the market, sat down to breakfast, he was always perfectly well-dressed and in a genial humor. It was never permitted that he should scramble in to breakfast with a dressing-gown, and sit dumb and glowering over his coffee with a paper on his knee, or else with his attention absorbed with what he was going to do as soon as he should get to his office. Instead he actually talked to Mrs. Bickford and the children. If he read an item he read it aloud, and if some stock or enterprise was going up or down, Mrs. Bickford knew it often before the newspapers did. But then she was discreet and not a gossip.

When mail came in, which might be important, it was sent to the house early, that Mr. Bickford might read it before going down town. So it came to pass that one pleasant morning he found the following letter by his plate:

OFFICE OF BLISTER MINING CO.,
SAGUACH MOUNTAINS, JUNE 28, —.

HON. HORATIUS BICKFORD, *Secretary of Blister Mining Company*:

DEAR SIR:—Although all my previous letters, since arriving in the region of the Saguach Mountains, have been unfavorable as to the feasibility of constructing a railroad from the mines to strike the main thoroughfare, I now have the pleasure to inform you that the project can be carried forward probably with little delay."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bickford in a tone of intense satisfaction, when he had read so far; "if I ever gave up anything I should have given up that concern long ago."

"What is it?" said the cheery voice of Mrs. Bickford. He began again and read the whole letter. It went on to this effect:

"A route has been found by which a supply of water can be obtained. With the supply of material already on hand, which has been preserved since it was sent on two years ago, work can be at once commenced at each end of the line. The only source of any delay will be getting possession of the tract where water is to be obtained, and where the half-way station for engines and supplies must be established. This tract, which is a valley of about one hundred square miles of very fertile land, much of which is under cultivation, is now occupied by a band of Indians. The location will be very valuable, both from the bountiful

supply of water and also from the productiveness of the soil. A flourishing town will inevitably spring up there. It is suggested that the town be called 'Bickford.'

"No," said Mr. Bickford, "the name shall be 'Angeline'—after you, my dear."

"As to disposing of the Indians, I have consulted with the Indian agents at both of the agencies in this part of the country, and I inclose papers from them giving their views. See also inclosure marked 'X.'

"I have written you early as possible in order to forestall any information in the matter reaching the public. I have but just reached the fort after an exceedingly perilous trip of a week. Our party of three was attacked by Indians the last night out. One was killed; the other and myself were wounded, and only escaped alive from the fact that a squad of troops happened to be camped near us and were aroused by the firing.

"Hoping to receive directions soon as possible, I am,

"Yours very respectfully,

"JOHN G. REIGNOR."

"Isn't that grand?" said Mrs. Bickford.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Bickford, with emphasis.

"Once get so we can bring the ore out of the mountains or carry a stamp-mill to the ore, and the mine will turn out thousands at a load. The gold is there, and now we can get it."

At this moment the maid opened the door and said:

"Mr. Bickford, the telephone is ringing."

He rose and went to the instrument.

"Hello! who is it?"

"Parker!" (Parker was his confidential clerk.)

"What is the matter?"

"Ketchum & Quick are inquiring all over for 'Blister' stock."

"Good gracious! How did they get hold of it? Hang on to all you've got for 200. I have news—will be down town at once; that is all."

"The rise is out somehow," he said, as he came back to the table. "The brokers are after the stock already. I wonder who that other fellow was that was not killed."

"What are the other papers in the letter?" said Mrs. Bickford.

"This is the one marked 'X,'" said her husband, opening one. "It is from Reignor, too;" and he began to read:

"MR. BICKFORD: DEAR SIR—It will probably be of no use to expect aid from any military force which may be in this vicinity, in case any complications should arise with Indians in building the railroad, unless we can procure direct official action through the Indian Bureau. In a conversation with the commanding officer at the post near here, he remarked to this effect: 'Of course we all obey our superiors, and if I am ordered to clear out the Indians from Leela-Washti Valley I shall do so; but far as my personal feelings are concerned, I see no difference between doing that and clearing all the people out of Omaha, because the people in Chicago might think the location desirable and wish to take possession of it.'"

"I should think so too," said Mrs. Bickford in a tone of mingled surprise and sympathy; "I did not think of the Indians before. Of course that valley is their home, and no one has a right to drive them away. You can buy land enough for your depots and water-tanks and let them keep their valley. You would not need much of the hundred square miles."

"Oh, we must have the whole valley," said Mr. Bickford in an absent tone, as he unfolded another sheet of paper. "Let's see what these say."

The paper, with an elaborate lithographed head in this form, was as follows:

"ALPHONSO KNIGHT, *Agt.*

HENRY GUN,

Chief Clerk and U. S. Commissioner.

LOUIS MONTGOMERY,

Rec. and Shipping Clerk.

JOHN PARKER, *Assistant Clerk.*

DOMINIQUE PRE, *Issue Clerk.*

"U. S. INDIAN SERVICE,

GROS-MOQUIHA AGENCY,

CLERK'S OFFICE, JUNE 25, —.

"MR. JOHN G. REIGNOR, *Surveyor and Chief Civil Engineer of Saguach and Santa Dia R. R.*

"DEAR SIR—In regard to the matter which you brought to my consideration at our recent interview, I would say, there can be no doubt as to the expediency and, indeed, necessity of vacating the Leela-Washti Valley, which your party discovered with so great hazard.

"There only remains to be considered the most practicable expedient for accomplishing this. If it can be made to appear that the band of Indians occupying this tract are members of either of the tribes now located at the agencies in this region, the question will not be a very difficult one. It will be only required to decide to which of the tribes they belong, and then notify them to at once join the agency, where they will be provided with the regular rations of food and clothes. As these agencies are maintained in compliance with treaties made between the Government of the United States and the tribe, it follows that if any band of the tribe or any individuals of it should refuse to report at the agency, they could be considered as in a state of insubordination, and hence, being renegades and hostiles, liable to be coerced by military force.

"It would be the duty of the agent to report them to the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. Upon his recommendation to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, this cabinet officer could request the Secretary of War to issue instructions for such action on the part of the military as the Indian agents in the vicinity might desire for their assistance in bringing these outsiders into connection with the agency.

"The only other method for clearing the valley would be to consider the Indians as non-treaty Indians. In that case the process for their removal would be long and expensive, very much more expensive than the manner just described, which would be only reasonable, as it could be transacted without Congressional action.

"Special commissioners would have to be sent out by the Interior Department at Washington to visit the Indians and 'obtain their consent to removal.' Soon as possible a bill would have to be prepared for a treaty with the Indians and their removal either to some agency or else to establish a new agency for them. All this would take time and money or the equivalent of money.

"If this latter course should be taken the bill could be prepared and presented to Congress soon as the Commission should fairly start; they would be back and ready to report the consent of the tribe by the time any attention could possibly be given the bill by Congress. Indeed, so many Indian bills are now pushed before Congress that it is almost impossible to obtain action on any.

"Still, when once the bill is passed there will be no delay in taking possession of the land, except the necessary legal forms of the land office.

"The removal of the Indians having by the bill become a law of the United States, any opposition to its execution can be met by calling upon military force sufficient to carry out its provisions.

"It is not anticipated that any actual contest would occur in either case, as the presence of a suitable number of troops would prevent any actual outbreak.

"The first process will, in my opinion, be much the most speedy and satisfactory manner of settling the affair.

"I have the honor to be,

"Yours, very respectfully,

"—, Agent."

"That sounds like a legal paper," said Mrs. Bickford.

"Well, it is a legal affair," said her husband.

"They seem to require soldiers by either of the plans."

"Yes, of course. We must have the law on our side and thus, by the Constitution of the United States, the army must enforce the law."

He took up another paper, and, as he unfolded it, said:

"It is not to be supposed that those savages are going to give us possession of the land without opposition. They are always making a disturbance."

"It looks to me as if it were the white people who are going to make this disturbance. We make a law and then call them offenders if they do not give up their homes and land in compliance with it."

"It is all right, my dear; it is all right. Here is the letter from the other agent."

The letter-head was quite as imposing as the others; if anything, a little more so, as there was a longer array of names as officers, a head-carpenter and physician being in the list.

The letter was as follows:

"MR. J. G. REIGNOR: SIR—In reply to your statement regarding unsurveyed lands on the line of the projected railroad to the Saguach Mountains, it may be said there is undoubtedly full legal authority for locating the railroad by the most practicable route, in the charter granted the company which you represent. In a civilized community there would be no difficulty in acquiring such tracts as might be necessary by satisfactory purchase, but on land occupied by Indians this process is impracticable. It is not in accordance with the present Indian policy of the United States to consider the Indian in any sense as an actual owner of land which he may occupy, even although such land may be entirely unknown to white men; hence, no valid title can be given by them. There must be a relinquishment by the Indians of their claim, in order that a title may be secured from the United States—"

"Why," interrupted Mrs. Bickford, who had listened closely to the reading of the letter, "how in the world are they to relinquish what they do not own? That is absurd. If no one can get a title till the Indians 'relinquish' theirs, that is proof that the Indians are considered to have a right to the land. The Indian Policy 'gives itself away' right there. I think it will be outrageous to drive all those people away when the company only need a little strip of land, anyway."

"There will not be any city of 'Angeline' if we do not have the whole tract," said Mr. Bickford.

"I do not want any city of 'Angeline,' if it is to be built on land belonging to other people."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bickford, "hear the rest of the letter. The Indian Bureau manages all of these affairs. Let me see, where did I leave off reading? Here is the place:"

"—in order that a title may be secured from the United States Government by whites. This is done by treaty. There is no doubt that all Indians, except, perhaps, a few hundreds, who are entirely ignorant of civilization, would gladly welcome the introduction of railroads and the development of the mines and other resources of their lands, if they felt as secure in possession of the benefits which would result from such improvements as white people are. But as the policy is to declare them in a state of non-citizenship, they have no means of maintaining possession of anything. The violent, riotous seizing from Indians of fertile and valuable lands by overwhelming numbers of white men looks badly, and so, at least of late years, it seldom occurs. The treaty system accomplishes exactly the same result in a much more dignified and respectable appearing manner.

"In conclusion, I would say there is at present no authority for any action at this agency in regard to the Leela-Washti Valley, but a full account of the matter has been submitted to the department of the Indian Commissioner at Washington, and when returns are received farther information will be sent you.

"It is also suggested that the officers of the railroad company may expedite matters by communicating personally with the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

"I have the honor to be, with great respect,

"Yours very truly,

"— — —, Agent."

"Well," said Mrs. Bickford, with an expression half indignation and half astonishment, "it seems that all those people are to be driven out of the land where they support themselves so peacefully that they have never been even heard of by white people, only they are to be 'treaty-ed' off instead of mobbed off because it 'looks more dignified and respectable!' And it seems that there must be a military force on hand to compel them to keep their own 'treaty.'"

She drew herself up with a long inspiration, and added: "Horatius, I believe you'd better drop that whole concern! It is an outrageous villainy. It looks just like New York driving all the people out of Brooklyn and taking it themselves, because the East River Bridge might make it of more use to New York than it was before."

"Why, my dear, you don't understand; this is all regular business. All the enterprises of the West have to be managed in some such way. There are plenty of other places for the Indians, and if these are moved they need not suffer. The government will give them everything—all the food and clothes they want."

"That is," burst in his wife, "they will be taken from where they take care of themselves and transformed into paupers!"

"But the rations and annuities are in payment for the land they give up."

"They do not want the rations and annuities, it seems; they want their homes and land."

"Oh, well, they can't keep them. If we do not get them some one else will."

"What is the reason they cannot keep them?"

"Why, this agent says it is the policy of the United States to consider them as not owners of land. The law is that they do not own the land as we hold land, to have and to hold, to sell and convey."

"That is, if the land is good for nothing they can have it, but if it is a desirable locality they have no claim to it, and it must be cleared out by a 'treaty' with a regiment of soldiers to enforce it!"

"Well, well, don't worry, Angeline. I must hurry down town and see the directors about an assessment on the stock."

Next morning daily papers in the Atlantic and Pacific towns and in the cities of the Midland contained the paragraph with which this story begins, very modestly located among other general items. The next day a wide-spread and seemingly spontaneous anxiety was manifested by editors to give a leader on the history of "Blister Mine." Then a leading weekly came out with a letter from its western correspondent, who had, according to the date of his epistle, just reached the wilds of the Saguach Range. A few weeks later an account of the picturesque location of Angeline City, and the thrilling adventure of its discovery, graced the literary department of the weekly supplements and "patent insides" all over the land; and, finally, *The Denominational Organ* had a dignified moral essay upon the marvelous

dispensations of Providence in carrying the blessings of Christianity and civilization to "those who sit in darkness" (meaning the peaceful Indians), as illustrated by the discovery and commercial importance of the Leela-Washti Valley, with its wealth of priceless water.

Thus the elevation—to speak architecturally—of the

projected enterprise was well before the public, while behind, slowly gathering momentum, were the wheels of a machine, irresistible, relentless, which was destined to roll over the doomed inhabitants of Leela-Washti—most beautiful valley—and crush them in the commercial interests of civilization.

"MOONSHINERS" AND REVENUE LAWS—II.*

Who dances must e'en pay the piper, and the piping of martial strains for the mad dance of war is of all music the most costly. When the rebellion came and made our participation in that dance inevitable, the nation manfully prepared for the long struggle of skill and endurance that must ensue, and decided that the grim piper should be paid. Every source of revenue must be utilized, and Secretary Chase naturally turned to the experience of Hamilton and recommended internal taxation.

A bill "to provide Internal Revenue to support the Government and to pay Interest on the Public Debt" was reported to the House of Representatives on the 3d of March, 1862, by Thaddeus Stevens, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and supported by a careful and detailed speech from Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont. He estimated that it would produce a revenue of one hundred and two millions, and that the customs would yield fifty millions, and direct taxes twelve millions, making a total revenue of one hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars. The bill was very lengthy, and every section was debated in both houses, numerous amendments being offered. The most important, perhaps, was that proposed by Mr. Eliot, of Massachusetts, to apportion the required amount among the different States, leaving them to collect and pay it over to the national treasury. This was supported by Conkling and Pendleton, and opposed by Olin, Shellabarger, Stratton, Hutchins, Edwards, White, Stevens, Morrill and Bingham. The license tax of a hundred dollars on distillers was warmly opposed by Wickliffe and Mallory of Kentucky, Woodruff of Connecticut, Crisfield of Maryland, and Wallace of Pennsylvania. Among the able supporters of the bill in the Senate were Fessenden, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and Anthony, Grimes, Hale, Howe, Sherman, Sumner, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson, whose names are now historic. It passed the House by a vote of 125 to 14, and the Senate by 33 to 5, and was approved by President Lincoln, July 1, 1862.

The act created the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was understood to have drafted the original bill, was at once appointed to that position. He resigned, however, in the following March, and was succeeded by Joseph J. Lewis, of Pennsylvania. The country was divided into districts not exceeding the number of congressional districts (except in California), and an assessor with a corps of assistants and a collector with deputies appointed in each. These collection districts were really co-extensive with the congressional districts, an unfortunate concession to political influence and the claims of congressional patronage which poisoned the system

from its birth. Tax-payers were to make sworn returns to the assistant assessor, from whose assessment an appeal lay to the assessor. The assessor transmitted monthly lists of assessments to the collector of the district for collection and sent copies to the commissioner with the collector's receipts. If a tax was not paid within ten days after due service of notice and demand, the collector had power to distrain upon the delinquent's property. After collection appeal might be taken to the commissioner, who might order refunded taxes illegally assessed and collected. Collectors were to give bond, make monthly returns, and be paid for their services and those of their deputies by a commission of four and two per cent, not exceeding \$10,000 in amount.

The taxes imposed were almost innumerable, and often resulted in practical duplication. Twenty cents per gallon was laid upon spirits, "first proof," or fifty per cent alcohol, being the standard. Distillers were to give bond, obtain license, keep books and render tri-monthly returns of materials used and spirits distilled, which spirits were to be gauged, proved and marked by an inspector appointed by the collector. Distilled spirits and refined coal oil might be removed under bond. Fermented liquors were taxed one dollar per barrel of thirty-one gallons, brewers to give bond, obtain license, keep books and make monthly returns. License taxes were imposed upon almost every kind of business, and specific or *ad valorem* taxes upon nearly every variety of manufactures, among which were tobacco, two to fifteen cents per pound, snuff, twenty cents, and cigars, \$1.50 to \$3.50 per thousand, *ad valorem*. Raw cotton was taxed half a cent per pound; auction sales, one-tenth of one per cent; gross receipts of railroads, steamboats, etc., dividends, advertisements and salaries of United States officers and employés, three per cent. Incomes were exempt up to six hundred dollars; above that amount, and less than ten thousand dollars, the tax was three per cent, and when above the latter amount five per cent. Legacies, successions to real estate, carriages, yachts, billiard-tables and plate were also taxable, and stamp duties were imposed upon all kinds of legal, commercial and business paper. All tax-payers and officers were required to make returns under oath, and the act fairly bristled with penalties for making false and fraudulent returns, bribery, perjury, extortion, corruption, and for failure or neglect to do any act required by the law, or doing any act prohibited by it.

The act took effect September 1, 1862, and was expected in its completed form to produce one hundred and fifty millions, one-half of which was to be raised from beverages. But these expectations were not realized until the law had been materially amended and the system had gotten into working order two years later. During the first fiscal year the entire internal revenue

* See THE CONTINENT for June 13, 1883. (No. 70.)

was but forty-one millions, of which five millions were derived from spirits, three millions from tobacco, less than two millions from beer, sixteen and a half millions from manufactures, and four millions from adhesive stamps. “A system of national taxation,” said Commissioner Lewis, “so complicated in its details, and so unwieldy in its proportions, could not be made immediately operative, in all its provisions, throughout a continent.” He urged upon Congress its simplification and permanency in order that the law might be more readily understood and applied, trade preserved from the hazard of frequent and unexpected changes, and the more material and general branches of industry relieved from burdensome taxation as far as possible. His suggestion that a tax of one dollar per gallon on spirits would produce about fifty-four millions, five cents on leaf and thirty cents on manufactured tobacco twenty-four millions, and a dollar and a half per barrel on beer eight millions, savored less of wisdom, considering the defective means for enforcement of the law.

Congress from time to time took up the subject, debated it, tinkered and patched it, but in a tentative and experimental manner. War time is not well suited either to the study or execution of economic schemes, and it is perhaps only to be wondered that revenue legislation was not more defective. The act of March 3, 1863, contained numerous amendments chiefly relative to details and procedure, enumeration of licenses, taxable manufactures, made five cents the minimum tax on tobacco, created the offices of deputy-commissioner and cashier of internal revenue, fixed the maximum compensation of assessors at three thousand and of collectors at six thousand dollars, and provided for three revenue agents and for inspectors to weigh and mark all manufactured tobacco. The act of June 30, 1864, gathered up and codified the previous legislation with numerous amendments and modifications, simplifying and improving the system and removing much ambiguity. It provided for a commissioner at a salary of four thousand dollars, who, in addition to his supervisory duties, was to pay over moneys daily to the treasurer, make monthly reports and give bond in the sum of a hundred thousand dollars; a deputy-commissioner and a cashier at twenty-five hundred dollars each; five revenue agents at two thousand dollars and their expenses; inspectors at four dollars per day and their traveling expenses; and the necessary corps of assessors and assistants, collectors and deputies, clerks, inspectors of spirits, coal-oil, tobacco, cigars, etc. It re-imposed the existing taxes on fermented liquors on above seventy-five classes of manufactures, and forty-nine licenses or “special taxes” for carrying on business, imposed a tax on banking capital (circulation and deposits had been taxed since October, 1863), increased the tax on dividends and income from three to five per cent, and required the use of tax-paid adhesive stamps on matches. An adhesive stamp, not tax-paid, but merely a certificate of inspection, was also to be applied to cigars, so affixed that the bundle or box could not be opened without effacing or destroying it.

The tax on tobacco and cigars was doubled, but, while the quantity of the former reported for assessment fell from sixty-five to thirty-eight million pounds with an increase of less than a million of dollars revenue, the receipts from cigars, under partial protection of the stamp, more than doubled the first year and continued to steadily increase up to the present time, with the exception of a single year. The tobacco tax was again raised about fifty per cent by the act of March 3, 1865, snuff and machine-made chewing-tobacco being charged with forty

cents, hand-twisted thirty cents, and smoking-tobacco thirty-five cents per pound, except that made exclusively from stems, which was taxed fifteen cents—an average of thirty-five cents, the highest to which that article was subjected. Though it produced five millions more than the previous year, the quantity paying tax was still less than before and smaller than any year since 1863. At the same time the tax on cigars was increased to ten dollars per thousand and on cigarettes to twenty-five cents per hundred, resulting the first year in an increase of less than half a million of dollars, which would probably have been a decrease instead but for the great advantage of a specific over an *ad valorem* tax.

The tax on distilled spirits had been increased from twenty to sixty cents by the act of March 7, 1864, and again by the act of June 30, 1864, to a dollar and a half, until the close of that year, when it became two dollars per proof gallon. Grape brandy was at first excepted from these provisions, and taxed only twenty-five cents per gallon until the first of April, 1865, when it was charged with fifty cents, and apple and peach brandy taxed a dollar and a half. The receipts from spirits, including license or special taxes, amounted to thirty and a third millions in the fiscal year 1864, more than a quarter of the entire internal revenue; but under the high rate of taxation that then ensued fell to less than nineteen millions, or nine per cent of the whole, in the following year. They exceeded thirty-three millions in 1866, and again in 1867, but fell below nineteen millions in 1868. It was evident that the rate of two dollars per gallon—more than five times the cost of the article—was excessive, and could not be enforced without extraordinary provisions of law, if indeed any enactments would suffice. It offered an irresistible temptation to fraud, and resulted in an appalling laxity of public and private morals.

Congress was doubtless led to the imposition of this high tax by the example of Great Britain, which collected a tax of ten shillings on more than eighty millions of gallons annually. But the circumstances were essentially dissimilar. Great Britain had the advantage of a detailed, stringent law, the result of years of growth and experiment, enforced by a large corps of experienced and efficient officers, in a thickly-settled territory of limited extent. Every distillery was under the constant supervision of one or more officers, and guarded by every means mechanical ingenuity could devise. No still of less than four hundred gallons capacity was permitted to be used, and no liquor was allowed to be retailed within two miles of a distillery. The result was a constant reduction in the number of distilleries, and an increase in the capacity of those operating. In 1866 there were but 148 distilleries in the kingdom, England having eight, and but 147 rectifying houses. Under these circumstances official supervision of the business was comparatively easy, yet illicit distillation by small stills was and is extensively practiced. The number of detections has averaged above three thousand annually for the last twenty-five years, and in 1865 was 3499, mostly in Ireland. Scarcely a single one of the numerous British safeguards were in use in this country, or were then even practicable.

Under the stimulus of this unwise and excessive taxation fraud and corruption grew apace, until it permeated the whole spirit, trade and manufacture of the country and the public service as well. The honest dealer and distiller was soon crowded out of business by the corrupt adventurer, for whom oaths had no sanctity, and who sought fortune by fraud. The in-

spector on duty at the distillery, and upon whom was the chief reliance of the government, was appointed through political influence, and not on account of real or supposed integrity and fitness. He was usually both incompetent and corrupt, and not unfrequently a workman or partner in the distillery. The government was reimbursed his salary by the distillery, and the inspector was apt to consider himself more the servant of the latter than the former. The distiller could afford to offer a tempting bribe, and to refuse it was to affect a virtue as rare as chastity at the court of the Stuarts. Duty once forgotten, the inspector was afterward at the mercy of the distiller, his constant protector and swift witness against the government. Detectives, agents, assessors, collectors and higher officials, as well as politicians and newspapers, participated in the gigantic fraud. An honest officer, determined to do his duty, was in danger of personal violence on the one hand and of summary dismissal from Washington on the other. At no time since Buchanan's day has the public service been more corrupt than during President Johnson's administration.

Great numbers of illicit distilleries were operated in the large eastern cities, manufacturing chiefly rum from low grades of molasses. They were concealed in garrets, cellars, back-buildings, bone and soap-boiling establishments, boats, stables and under ground, well guarded and both difficult and dangerous to approach. The river wards of Brooklyn and vicinity of the Navy Yard were full of them, and the distillers and their allies, male and female, beat off the collectors and marshals in many a bloody contest until overborne by a large force of United States soldiers and marines. Illicit distilleries were also numerous in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Iowa.

But by far the largest amount of illicit spirits was distilled from grain in legal bonded distilleries, both in the cities of the East, where their number was quadrupled, and in the West. The evidence of payment of tax upon a barrel of whisky in the market was the brand or stencil of the inspector. This was not an insuperable obstacle, when many inspectors were in the habit of marking barrels in advance of their being filled, and were ignorant of the use of Tralle's gauging instruments and McCulloch's table prescribed by the Government, and stencils and brands were easily counterfeited. Great frauds were also due to the bonded warehouse and transportation system, for after whisky had been placed in bond it might be withdrawn for re-distillation, rectification, change of package, export or transshipment, and under these various pretexts thousands of barrels were covered up and lost sight of. A western distiller would give his collector a transportation bond, and obtain a permit to ship a thousand barrels to New York. Under that permit he would ship four lots of a thousand barrels each by four different routes, the four lots corresponding in marks, numbers, etc. In the event of the seizure of any one lot, the production of the permit would at once insure its release unless the other lots should be traced, which, as they were kept separate and hundreds of miles apart, would be accidental and unlikely.

In a western town, the warehouse to which was removed the bonded product of several distilleries, occupied the upper floors of a large building, the lower floor being rented to a rectifier and wholesale liquor dealer. The distiller would execute a bond and a clerk would follow each load of whisky from the distillery to the warehouse. If an officer was about, the clerk would proceed to the collector's office and file the bond, usu-

ally valueless, while the whisky would be hoisted up stairs. If no officer appeared, the whisky went into the rectifier's vats, where its identity was at once lost, and the empty barrels returned to the distillery, followed by the clerk with the bond in his pocket. Whisky would be shipped for exportation, the bonds for the tax canceled, and on arrival at its destination the whisky would be found transmuted into water. Of the spirits bonded for exportation, 5,294,000 gallons were unaccounted for at the close of 1866. In fact, the ingenuity and boldness of many of the innumerable devices to defraud the government are almost incredible.

Among the earliest developments of fraud was the somewhat famous Rhomburg case. One day in April, 1865, Assessor Presbrey saw on the tracks of the New York Central Railroad, at Buffalo, a number of cars laden with spirits in transit from Chicago to New York. His suspicions were aroused, and he was soon in New York, where he seized, in the hands of wholesale dealers, two thousand barrels of alcohol and more than a thousand barrels of high wines distilled by Jas. Rhomburg at Dubuque, Iowa. The instructions from the Chicago shippers to David Dows & Co. were to sell the high wines consigned to them "irrespective of price." Mr. Dows stated that sales were made at \$2.08@2.10, and that the charges would average about twenty-five cents per gallon, besides the tax and cost of making. A few days afterward a green-looking Yankee, with pants turned up and hat on the back of his head, was strolling along the river-bank near Dubuque. Rhomburg's distillery was not in operation, for it was a fast day by proclamation of Governor Stone, but an employé was at length persuaded to gratify the Yankee's curiosity, showed him all over the premises, answered his numerous questions, and was amused at his open-mouthed wonder. Railroad shipments had already been traced, and the next morning the revenue officers waited on Mr. Rhomburg and were hospitably received by the jolly German, who saw that the game was up when the green Yankee of the day before was recognized in the revenue agent. He had been running about four months, and had paid more than a hundred thousand dollars, but acknowledged that he was still in debt to the Government.

"How much do you think you owe, Mr. Rhomburg?" asked the officer.

"I tinks I owes 'bout sefenty-five tousand dollars," he replied.

"My friend, I'm sorry for you, but you owe one hundred and sixteen thousand."

"Vell," responded Rhomburg, "I tinks you comes closer to him as I did."

It in fact ultimately proved to be \$161,000, which was assessed against him, and the appraised value of the distillery and other property there seized was \$196,000. There were seven hundred and fifty fat cattle on the premises depending upon the distillery for food, and within the building were eighty thousand bushels of corn, heating and in danger of spoiling. The facts were reported, telegraphic instructions received, and the distillery operated under a custodian until the cattle were released and the corn used up. Rhomburg then compromised his case by paying \$313,000 in cash, received back his distillery and resumed business, no loser by the transaction.

While tracing Rhomburg's operations, at Dunleith, Illinois, Dr. Presbrey obtained evidence of illicit shipments from the distillery of Jarrett & Co., which they compromised by the payment of \$96,000, and discovered an illicit still in a brewery. The result of a six weeks'

trip as a special agent, at an expense of \$294, was the recovery to the government of not less than three-quarters of a million of dollars.

In fact, fraud was well nigh universal. One revenue agent testified before the Darling committee to numerous specific cases of fraud on the part of Ohio distillers, the discrepancies between the returns and actual shipments being eighty thousand gallons; in another of more than a hundred and forty-five thousand, and in a third of a hundred and forty thousand. Another agent considered it almost a burlesque to try to stop whisky frauds under the present law. Mr. Darling's select committee reported to the House of Representatives in February, 1866, that spirits sold openly in the market for \$1.50 to \$1.80 per gallon, and that at least seven-eighths of the spirits distilled escaped taxation. The courts were as culpably lax as the revenue officers, and the commissioner's compromise powers were abused and deliberately calculated upon. Among all the numerous seizures and prosecutions in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia the committee could not ascertain that a single case had been pursued to the extreme penalty of the law—not a single man felt its utmost rigor. That part of the statute which made it infamous to cheat the government and awarded imprisonment was a dead letter. The chances were, perhaps, nineteen out of twenty that the illicit distiller was not disturbed. If he was, he saw no imprisonment, no rigorous prosecution before him. Suppose he is detected with fifty barrels on hand, having disposed of five thousand barrels without payment of tax. The case would go to Washington and be compromised on payment of tax on the fifty barrels, with or without the penalty, and the distiller's clear profit would be a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is no merely hypothetical case.

As the war neared its close Congress turned its attention more closely to its financial labors and saw the necessity for a sound, well settled and permanent fiscal system. A section of the act of March 3, 1865, provided for a commission to inquire into and report upon the whole subject of revenue and taxation, the actual methods of collecting the revenue and their efficiency. That commission, consisting of David A. Wells, Stephen Colwell and Samuel S. Hayes, did valuable service in reforming our revenue system, which, indeed, was a system only in name, its heterogeneous elements outraging the settled principles of political economy. In their first report, dated in the following January and cordially commended by Secretary McCulloch, they strongly condemned the diffusiveness and duplication of taxation under the laws then in force, which had a most injurious effect upon the manufacturing interests. Cumulative taxes were imposed amounting in some cases to more than sixty per cent upon a completed article of manufacture. They showed that this effected a positive discrimination in favor of the foreign manufacturer of forty per cent in one class of goods and fifty per cent in another, and that Webster's Spelling Book was then printed in London in large quantities for the use of American schools. It is difficult to see why our manufactures were not crushed and ruined, but for the indomitable energy and enterprise of our people and their singular ability to evade the payment of taxes. The commission urged, as the necessary future revenue policy of the country, the abolition or speedy reduction of all taxes which tended to check development, and the retention of those, which, like the income tax, fell chiefly upon realized wealth. Their special reports on spirits, tobacco, beer, cotton, petroleum, etc., afforded

much aid to the intelligent discussion of these subjects in Congress, by their presentation of a great mass of facts and figures as well as the principles of taxation which they illustrated.

The act of July 13, 1866, was largely the result of the labors of the commission. Taxation was reduced—the system practically reorganized. A great variety of manufactures, including medicines and certain medical compounds, were exempted. Raw cotton was taxed three cents per pound, and the mills were encouraged by a drawback of the tax on that used in exported goods. Numerous amendments were made to the law in regard to special taxes, adhesive stamps, the procedure of assessment and collection, and particularly distilled spirits and fermented liquors. Distillers were required to conduct the process of distillation through continuous closed pipes and vessels, every opening of which was to be kept locked during the process by the inspector on duty at the distillery; and they were to provide receiving cisterns, locks, seals, etc., and a strong and secure warehouse at each distillery (instead of the general bonded warehouses previously used), all of which was to be in the custody of the inspector. They were also to make daily entries on their books of all materials used and spirits produced, and make, as before, tri-monthly returns under oath. All spirits were to be inspected, gauged and branded, and then removed to the distillery warehouse until tax-paid or removed to other districts under bond. Severe penalties were imposed for creating any fictitious proof, re-using branded packages, removing or altering brands or marks, unlawfully removing spirits, executing false papers, evading tax, etc.

The beer tax was to be paid by the purchase of stamps to be affixed by the brewer over the spigot-hole of each package, before removal from the brewery, in such a manner that the stamp would be destroyed on tapping the keg or barrel. This tax, in common with all others except that on matches, papers, patent medicines, etc., having previously been payable only after assessment had been made on the brewer's return at the close of the month, a discount of seven and a half per cent was allowed in consideration of this advance payment, and this now anomalous provision still exists. The bottling of fermented liquors at a brewery was forbidden. The bureau was reorganized, and a commissioner at \$6000, one deputy-commissioner at \$3500 and two at \$3000, a solicitor at \$4000, seven chiefs of divisions at \$2500, and the necessary clerical force was authorized. In lieu of the commission of three a special commissioner of the revenue was authorized, and David A. Wells received that appointment. In the meantime, William Orton, of New York, had succeeded Mr. Lewis as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, but, after only four months' service, had resigned to take the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He was in turn succeeded, November 1, 1865, by Edward A. Rollins, of New Hampshire, who had served as cashier of the bureau and been promoted deputy-commissioner in place of Edward McPherson.

Commissioner Rollins thought that the increasing experience of the officers and the appointment of others to special duty at distilleries would prevent large loss to the government. He hoped much from the new law of July, 1866, on account of its more numerous and stringent punitive provisions, and the withdrawal of spirits from the actual and exclusive possession of their owner immediately upon their distillation. That he saw the point of weakness in the system is evident from a passage in his second report, in which he touches the essential principle of administrative reform: "If, in times

of political excitement, it were practicable to appoint men to the office of inspector for their incorruptibility and general fitness, men who love honor more than money, rather than those who are pressed for place as a reward or an inducement for political effort, the appointment of an inspector to every distillery might be profitable to the government."

Mr. Rollins' hopes proved futile, and in his report for 1867 he came squarely to the point. Personally an honest, upright man of high character, he had been unable to stem the tide of corruption fostered by political influence. During the previous fiscal year, 1866-67, there had been four hundred and ninety-five collectors and four hundred and ninety-four assessors in the two hundred and forty collection districts, changes having been made in a single office three, four, and even five times. There had been eleven hundred and thirty-one changes among about thirty-one hundred assistant assessors, and seven among the ten revenue agents. At the close of the year there were two hundred and nineteen revenue inspectors, five hundred and six inspectors of tobacco, snuff and cigars; five hundred and forty-five inspectors of distilled spirits, and eighty-eight inspectors of refined petroleum and coal oil, most of whom had been in office but a short time. To these changes Mr. Rollins ascribed large losses of revenue.

He discussed earnestly and at some length the question of a reform of the civil service, and held that men should be appointed to place because they are needed and are qualified, not because they are out of employment and are the supporters of a particular party or person. They are not thus employed in banks, counting-rooms and factories. The failure to collect the whisky tax, and the imperfect collections from other sources, were attributable more to the frequent changes of officers, and to the inefficiency and corruption of many of them, than to any defect of the law; and Mr. Rollins insisted that it was due to the honest officer and to the country that the revenue service be rescued from the control of purely political favor. "The evil," he said, "is inherent in the manner of appointments, and lies deeper than the present supremacy of any political party." He cited with approval the civil service systems of Great Britain, France and Germany, and, without specifically indorsing the provisions of the bill then before Congress, emphatically declared that some law of the general purport of that bill, so far as it related to internal revenue, was absolutely indispensable. Referring again in 1868 to the prevalent whisky and other frauds, he held that their remedy lay in the improved character of the revenue and judicial officers, rather than in the increased stringency of the law or improved regulations of the department.

But the excessive rate of the whisky tax was an insuperable bar to its collection, as the Revenue Commission clearly pointed out, all experience showing that every unreasonably high tax contains within itself the elements of its own annulment. Commissioners Rollins and Wells agreed in recommending a large and speedy reduction of the tax and the abolition of transportation in bond. Mr. Wells also favored a reduction of expenditures to the extent of ninety-two and a half millions, and the abatement of taxes on raw cotton and on all manufactures except liquors and tobacco amount-

ing to ninety-one and a half millions. These recommendations met with the cordial approval of Secretary McCulloch, who declared that no department of the Government was conducted with proper economy.

Meanwhile, owing to the rapid recuperation and general prosperity of the country, the receipts from such sources of taxation as could be reached with reasonable certainty steadily increased. The internal revenue for the fiscal year 1866 exceeded three hundred and nine millions—nearly equal to that of the two previous years, and within twenty-two millions of the entire revenue of the British empire for the same year. Seventy-six per cent of this enormous sum was paid by articles and occupations now exempt from taxation, the great increase being chiefly from manufactures, stimulated by the opening of southern markets, and from cotton, the supply of which was much larger than was anticipated. The receipts from licenses and from adhesive stamps increased fifty per cent, and those from incomes rose from twenty and a half to sixty-one millions.

The act of July 13, 1866, reduced taxation by about sixty-five millions, and that of March 2, 1867, by about forty millions more, by exempting many articles and occupations, and reducing the taxes on many others. The actual receipts, however, were diminished but forty-three millions in 1867. The *ad valorem* tax on cigars having resulted in much fraud and evasion, the latter act changed it to a specific one of five dollars per thousand. The taxes on tobacco were raised about fifty per cent in 1866, and produced an increase of five millions the first year and three millions more the next, notwithstanding heavy losses by fraud. The income tax was reduced and the exemption raised from six hundred to a thousand dollars, while that on raw cotton, raised to three cents per pound in 1866, was reduced to two and a half in 1867. The acts of February 3, March 31, and July 20, 1868, repealed the taxes on manufactures, mineral oils and petroleum, which had formerly yielded sixty-eight millions of dollars, besides the important reduction of the tax on distilled spirits to fifty cents. The internal revenue fell in 1868 to a hundred and ninety-one millions, the loss on articles and occupations now exempt being fifty-seven millions, on spirits fifteen millions, on adhesive stamps a million and a half, and on tobacco a million. No inconsiderable portion of these losses was due to fraud and inefficient collections.

Secretary McCulloch objected to the sudden changes made by the act of March 31, 1868, and urged the inauguration of some definite policy in regard to internal revenue, the general principles of which should be regarded as finally established. He recommended an increased and uniform tax on sales to supply the requisite amount of revenue, objecting to the restoration of the tax on manufactures as partial, unjust and temporary, and to any considerable increase of the spirit duty as likely to lead to "a repetition of the frauds which have brought the internal revenue system into such utter disgrace." But the act of July 20, 1868, under the administration of President Grant, proved more efficient than was then expected, and closed the first period of experimental legislation and gigantic fraud.

FRANK J. BRAMHALL.



THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Club appeared on Saturday with an air of expectation, and Molly Peters, who came last of all, bringing in her train a painfully-embarrassed and awkward girl, could hardly take time for the necessary introduction, so eager was she to hear whatever new suggestion might be waiting from the Busy-Bodies.

"This is my cousin, Almira Pearsons, that wants to join," she said. "She isn't far from us, an' whatever I find out I can do, she's going to take hold an' do too."

Molly seated herself with her customary bounce, and looked impatiently toward Dorothy, before whom lay one or two books, and the long envelope which had already become familiar.

"I've got some work," Anna Freeman said, "because it is something I want to finish. There isn't any rule against work, is there?"

"Not at all," Miss Dunbar said, drawing her basket toward her. "One often listens better when the fingers are busy. We can each have our bit of work and drop it when necessary."

"I can't work. I'm too crazy to know what's coming next," said Molly Peters, looking with scorn at the rick-rack produced by Almira.

"Give me a towel to hem," Molly Cushing said to Anna, whose lap was full.

"No, indeed. You've all done enough for me. I don't need any more help at all."

Molly took a towel and began hemming quietly.

"I had rather be busy too, and I did not think to bring anything," she said. "Why shouldn't you oblige me?"

"Oh, if you put it that way," Anna began, laughing; but Dorothy tapped the table imperatively.

"Wait till you have something really worth while to talk about," she said, "and that won't be till you know all there is in this third letter, from Amy Allston again:"

"You want to know what came next, dear Eleanor, and shall have it just as it happened."

"It was all owing to Janet that we began to raise chickens. She brought from Mrs. Stone's, one day in July, eight dear little fluffy things, live balls of down, all cuddled up in a basket. Janet was passionately devoted to her charges, and they grew finely. In fact they became real nuisances, for when large enough they would fly up to her shoulders and follow her into the house like kittens."

"It seems that one of Mrs. Stone's Brahma hens had stolen her nest and hatched out a nice brood; then in trying to shield her little ones from the heels of a playful colt, the mother was crushed to death. Mrs. Stone told Janet she could have the chicks, so that young lady marched home triumphant with her broodlings."

"I had learned to turn things to account, so went one day, not long after, to Materfamilias, as we sometimes call our dear presiding deity."

"Will you kindly give me the use of the barn shed, madam," said I, "and a little money to fix them as I want?"

"What now, Amy?"

"Well, I've been talking with Mrs. Stone about raising chickens. I think it will be a good plan to begin that work in addition to our strawberry patch. You see, mamma, it will be a good thing for Janet and Will, now won't it? They are romping about, and may as well do something as not. Besides seeing the little things grow, it will increase our income, mamsey. Confess the brilliant thought of your eldest pleases you, little mother!"

And catching her about the waist, I forced her to waltz about the sitting-room before she broke from my clasp. When breath came she capitulated at once."

"The child of your father, Amy, shall do as she likes, if she thinks she has time to take charge of the new work. I often wonder how I am to manage the children. Restless, roving bodies they are! I want to give them some useful outlet for their energies. And I do believe children ought to be induced to spend a part of their activity in usefulness, as well as to fritter it all in play. Try your plan and see what comes of it, Amy."

"Well, mother mine, suppose I direct the management. Let them take care of the fowls and have half the profits. Then you'll be banker for all of us."

"So it was agreed all around. Taking Pete into confidence, we went to the barn to see what needed to be done."

"The shed extended under the whole of the barn, which stood on a side-hill, facing south. It ran out in front in a yard, sunny and warm all winter, protected by the barn from the cold north winds, and by high fences on the other sides. The cow Dapple stood and chewed her cud there contentedly on stormy days, and sliding doors, even with the side of the barn, shut the basement in close at night. On the north, the ground was even with the barn floor; also at the large doors on the northeastern corner."

"The next thing was to go to Mrs. Stone to see what breed of fowls she recommended, and how to begin. She raised the finest chickens in all the country. Her hens never refused to lay eggs, even when others were stubborn to all distracted appeals. Her broilers were first in market from the incubator that she managed in the cellar, and her Sunday table was graced with broiled, roast or fried. This is what the old lady said of chicken raising:

"Let me tell you, Amy, that more than half the people who try don't know how to raise poultry. They get expensive stock, and build henneries with all modern improvements, but pen the fowls in yards so small that you can almost step across them. These chicken fanciers think the tighter they get their henneries the better, while the poor things need fresh air as much as we do. Why, you once put your head inside as soon as the fowls are let out in the morning, and you'll see how they smell! It is enough to breed cholera, and it does—hen cholera."

"But you always do have such good luck, Auntie Stone."

"Nonsense! Don't talk about luck. There is no such thing in this business. It's all study, my dear—study."

"Why, I never saw you studying a book in my life!"

"Yes you have—the book of nature, in this case—hen-nature. I first see what fowls must have and then provide it, and let them alone. The Must Haves are warmth, cleanliness, ground to roam over and plenty of food. Pen a lot together and they'll die. You cannot keep a large flock on a little space. They are liable to take cold just as people do; then their owners think they have roup, and give them medicine for it. Prevention is the only thing; I don't bother to fuss with them."

"How hard-hearted, Auntie Stone!"

"Well, I can't afford to fritter away my time and strength on a sick chicken. There are too many suffering people in the world for that. I put them in a small shed, give them plenty of food and drink, and they must either die or get well there. We learn not to waste our sympathies, Amy, as we grow old. We find it is better to put them into some practical form for our fellows."

"Much more did the good old lady say, and often, to my advantage, did I consult her afterward."

"Under our directions, Pete went to work to patch up the fence where it had given way. He went at it willingly enough, talking to himself as usual. I overheard him say:

"Cur'us wuk dat young missus hab, shore enuff. She libs out ob de do' most o' de time. Dat's what makes her so libely, now, dat ole strarbrer patch. When she first sot it out, she was white as er ghost, and her eyes sorter stood outen'er head like she was seein' inter de world o' sperrits. I fought she was goin' to her fader, shore, 'cos he was lonely 'thout some on 'em. But he says to de angels that done tote arrants to de hebbenly host, 'Let 'em all stay togedder and comfort dere ma'am awhile longer, and I'll play on the chuseharp alone, and larn a heap o' chunes, and be ready to teach 'em all I know wen dey comes.' And de angels say, 'Dat's right, my boy; only Miss Amy must go fur to get a strarbrer patch, and den a hen-house, and have to stay outen de do' and get well.'"

"So the old man talked and worked and sang, and then went to a place where there was old lumber to sell, and bought some large window-frames, and put in new glass where needed, and put them in the sliding doors in front which shut the basement off from the rest of the yard. These would admit the sunshine when closed, and could be run back for ventilation.

"For the centre of the basement Pete made a long shallow box, to be kept full of ashes. Lengthwise over this he placed the hen-roosts. They were merely poles, two inches in diameter, and two feet from the box, made firm at either end. The ashes and manure below were removed once in four weeks, and the walls Mrs. Stone directed to be whitewashed once a year in order to keep out vermin. Then we got a lot of cheap boxes from the grocery and fixed about for nests, and another low, long one for oyster shells. 'Hens is mighty cur'us,' said Pete. 'Dey don't want no up-and-down reg'lar nestses. Dey jist wanten hide in out-ob-de-way places where nobody 'd nebber tink ob lookin'. Den dey steals in 'em quiet and innercent-like, and when de ting's done sure, dey hop out and "cut-cut-ca-da-cut," dey scream so all de world 'll hear; an' you peaks roun', and thar's the white warm egg, jist the beginnin' ob de chick. An' I dunno, nor no udder pusson, how dose eggs is made, or how it gits alibe, or how de little chicken larns to pick and peep an' peep an' pick till he breaks de shell and comes out de cunnin'est little critter, to grow up and go and do de same ting ober agin.' And Mamma said, 'No, Pete; when you can explain that, you 'll be wiser than your minister.'

"Then we looked about and bought twenty Brahma hens and five Gray Dorking cockerels, and the pen was filled with a contented-looking lot, with feathered legs and motherly ways. Gallantly by their proud protectors, who speedily acknowledged the strongest among them as chief of the clan, they wandered with Dapple over the pasture by day, making mince-meat of insects and frogs, and were snugly locked into the basement at night. They used all the refuse of the table, and in cold weather Pete every week tied a cabbage by its roots so it hung within their reach, and once in a while we bought cheap scraps from the butcher. The small potatoes and apples were cooked and fed to them warm with their meal, and there was always fresh water in their drinking vessels. They had all they could eat twice a day; an eight-o'clock breakfast of a mixture of three-quarters wheat middlings with one-quarter of corn meal, wet thick with scalding water. They dined at three o'clock on corn, and then squatted about and dusted themselves and talked it over.

"After winter set in Pete bought a barrel of oyster-shells, which he burned on a pile of brush and weeds, and such delicious morsels this lime proved to be! Will insisted that they liked it as well as he liked candy. He and Janet read all Mrs. Stone's poultry magazines, and they managed to fill a large scrap-book with stories about animals, clipped

from newspapers, and once they kept a bit of a journal between them.

"Time flew on. When it was mild the hens wandered; when it was cold each stood on one foot and wondered. Encouraged by warmth and good cheer, the pullets began to lay in December. Cecy enjoyed her fresh egg in the morning, but a couple of families near took all we could spare. Mr. Janeway, the millionaire, who lived south of us in a magnificent place, used to send for them. Sometimes Clara drove in with her liveried groom in the rumble of her phaeton, wrapped in furs and sparkling with gayety. She was a bright girl and used to be my schoolmate, and is always kind, though our lives move so differently. No one else in the place had eggs to spare, and we often sold for forty-five cents a dozen.

"In April began the important business of setting hens. As Mrs. Stone advised, a warm corner of the barn was set aside for the 'future mothers of their race.' So Pete made a rough partition; and after a hen had given proof of serious intentions by brooding a few *dummy* eggs, she was removed to the setting-room, where she hugged her baker's dozen of genuine eggs and blinked and dozed away twenty long days.

"The dear little things were not fed till the second day after hatching. Then we chopped fine a hard-boiled egg, and this, fed every hour or two, was all they had beside water for a week. Then we gave them dry bread-crumbs for three weeks longer, after which they were ready for cracked corn, and their wing feathers grew day by day. During the first week we kept them on the barn floor in the sun, and those little bantlings would follow the sunshine on the floor as it moved round like the small hand of a clock. Will and Janet took turns in feeding them, and they were perfectly tame.

"Then Pete made some coops after Mrs. Stone's pattern. He first made a little house and set it on loose boards in the sunshine, but sheltered from winds. The whole front was slatted and just the width of an old glazed window-sash, which covered a pen in front, having sides eighteen inches high at the coop, then tapering down to ten inches. There was a little sliding door at the side, where we could put feed in, in the trough placed in front of the slats, where the hen could put her head through the bars, but could not tread. Here the chicks were snug and warm in the dreariest weather. They were let out after the dew was off the grass on pleasant days, but kept in when rainy.

"Mrs. Stone had said, 'Don't let them run out in the rain without gum-shoes,' and as we had not any, we kept them in, and not one sick chicken did we have that year. A very few weakly ones were stepped on and one was drowned, that was all.

"In the fall I took an inventory of stock and figured up profits. We had a good stock on hand to begin another year with, and Mamsey was delighted with our success.

DR.	
19 pullets at 60 cents each	\$11.40
5 cockerels	5.00
5 coops, Peter's make, two dollars each	10.00
Pickets, nails and fixtures	2.00
Feed for the year	45.00
Total	\$73.40
CR.	
150 fowls at 60 cents	\$90.00
318 dozen eggs at an average of 22 cents per dozen	69.96
	\$159.96
Profit	\$86.56

"This number of eggs included those used at home, of course, but Mamma charged them to our credit and we had no new stock to buy, so that our gain the next year was greater in proportion. We found it profitable to keep only about two hundred and fifty fowls and keep them well."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIGMA.

ELLA HEATH, the author of the poem entitled "The Russian Soldier," recently published in *THE CONTINENT*, is honorably anxious lest the shadow of a suspicion rest upon her work. She claims credit only as translator, not as originator, and we gladly comply with her request to make this statement.

MR. J. MCNEILL WHISTLER'S "Etchings and Dry Points" (2d series), illustrating Venice, are in Mr. Wunderlich's galleries, New York. The same fanciful yellow-and-white arrangement of the walls of the chamber in which they were exhibited in London to Mr. Whistler's friends is repeated in New York, and pleases or displeases those who are affected by such surroundings. The "Etchings and Dry Points," seen anywhere and anyhow, would impress the spectator with the wondrous hints of what the artist saw. His vision is his own, his inspirations are perfectly original, and he has no rival in his methods. All that he has put in these sketches is so instinct with his imaginative nature, and such are his dreamy, weird effects of light and shadow, and form, and distance, and perspective in the skies and lagoons of Venice, that criticism is disarmed before them. And to add to the charm of the artist's skill is the fact that Venice affords effects which are to be seen in no other land or sea in the world.

CONCERNING the actor's art, as concerning all others, there are very diverse theories. In a general way the theatre-going public may be divided into two classes: those who see a given play but once, and those—including the actors themselves—who see it many times. The first-named class is undoubtedly vastly more numerous than the other. To it the whole setting of the play is unfamiliar. The sequences of the plot unfold themselves as the pages of a new book. The bits of by-play, the spirited rendering of telling passages all have a freshness and reality, which constitute an essential charm. When, through some chance, an individual of this class attends several successive performances of the same play, he is disenchanted. He sees, perhaps, the leading lady drop her glove at precisely the same moment every evening. He sees her train fall into position in the same folds as she seats herself. He catches the same accent or intonation exactly repeated which had thrilled him when he first heard it. What wonder if the charm is broken, and he wearies of the art when he finds that it is mechanical. Through all this he is—so "habituals" and professionals say—getting his education. Some actors, it is said, reckon it but a poor compliment if told that the audience think them inspired by the situation or the action of the play. They want the public to look upon their most natural acts as purely artificial, as the result of study and experience. In a sense they are right, but in a broader sense they are at fault. "Art imitates Nature," says Richard Frank in his "Memoirs," and some one else says in effect that the highest art is to conceal art. We imagine that the greatest actors will be well content if the majority of their auditors forget, while the play is in progress, that it is a play—forget that it was performed in precisely the same way the previous evening, and will be repeated to-morrow evening. It may argue familiarity with the stage to be able to see only the artist, but most people derive much of their delight in

play-going from the fact that for them the players lose their own individuality and become simply the *dramatis personae*. It is not gratifying to Smith, who has just played "Othello," to hear outgoing auditors remark, "The 'Othello' was superbly done." He would far rather have them say, "Smith plays magnificently!" He may well take heart of grace, however, for if the public habitually forgets him at first in whatever part he may play, it will be pretty sure to begin to remember him before his powers reach their fullest development.

A WRITER in the *New York Times* of the 14th of October says:

"There was a detachment of the Harris Light Cavalry with Colonel Ulric Dahlgren's famous 'five hundred' that was made up from different regiments. He led them inside the city limits of Richmond on that dark and terrible night, March 1, 1864, and they were the first Union troops that entered Richmond, anything to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Anything to the contrary notwithstanding," the writer is, we think, mistaken. At the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, and for some months before, it was the writer's ill luck to be an inhabitant of Libby Prison. From its windows he witnessed the widespread demoralization that occurred. The troops who had guarded the prison were relieved and their places supplied by an untrained cripple brigade from the government offices and about town generally. They were a prattling, tattling lot of old fellows, who were badly scared and believed that the hour of fate had come. One night, perhaps that of the 4th or 5th of May, 1863, they told us that the Yankee cavalry was raiding round the city and that their camp-fires were distinctly visible from commanding points in town. The next morning a young lieutenant belonging to a Michigan regiment was brought to the prison, who had been captured after a sharp resistance—not merely inside the outworks of Richmond, but in its very streets. One of our guards—a grave, friendly man whom we have met since those days—has frequently told us that the young officer's horse fell with him almost in sight of the windows of Libby. Unfortunately the journal kept at the time is not accessible, and we cannot remember his name. We remember well, however, his bright, flushed face, and his desperate desire that his commander might know what he had learned, that instead of going around the city he might with impunity assault and capture it with half his force. The prisoners in Libby had just been paroled on the plea of immediate exchange, but in reality to prevent an outbreak. But for this parole there would have been an outbreak that night in order to carry the news of the city's extremity to the raiding force in our vicinity. There is no doubt that this young officer and his little squad were the first Federal soldiers to enter Richmond voluntarily. His name has escaped our memory, but he was the son of a prominent officer of the army, who had run away from school to enlist and had won promotion by his courage. Perhaps General Joe Coburn, of Indianapolis, or some other of our prison companions of that time, may remember more of the details. It may be that the young officer is yet alive, or some of the men who were with him. At any rate, the question ought to be mooted and the facts established beyond doubt while the witnesses are still able to testify.



THE latest addition to the lives of "American Statesmen" is, as usual, the political rather than the personal life of the subject. But Webster's personality was too powerful not to be felt even in the most impersonal parts of his career, and thus Mr. Lodge's life holds more every-day detail than any other volume of the series. For these he has drawn upon the exhaustive biography of Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, which, though far too apologetic in tone, is still the main source of information. The tone of all biography has altered since that was written, and it is not now deemed so necessary to explain away faults and weaknesses, or conceal tendencies that sapped usefulness and made a life a partial failure. Mr. Lodge has been perfectly frank and also perfectly fair, but the reader must never forget to judge the story from the standpoint of a generation ago, and remember that if Webster came to stand with us as the American synonym of Browning's "Lost Leader," he only occupied the place held by the larger proportion of even the most enlightened of that day. The old issues are so dead that it is hard to reconstruct them and feel again the impulses that moved them, but any right understanding is impossible unless this be done.

The story of the gradual expansion of his wonderful powers is told with singular force and skill. Mr. Lodge considers him the greatest of American orators, and his reply to Hayne, not only the culmination of his fame in this direction, but one of the most magnificent speeches on record. Its points are so plain to us at present that it is hard to realize they were then grasped by the best minds only. A wonderful career lay open before him, vitiated and at last made null by political ambition, which almost obliterated conscience and made expediency his future watchword. His base was changed so many times that neither friend nor enemy knew exactly what to expect, and a certain moral looseness became his chief characteristic. His sense of money obligations was of the slightest; debt never troubled him, and that his friends should make up purses for him seemed natural and right. Much of this was due to early training. His family sacrificed themselves to him, and well as he loved them all, he never hesitated to consider all that they did his right. That they were glad to have it so does not lessen the fact of the obtuseness which could allow it, and which needed steady repression instead of the steady cultivation it received. But his failings injured himself far more than his country, to which his life was devoted, no man having done more for the cause of American nationalization. "Here," as Mr. Lodge remarks in closing, "lies the debt which the American people owe to Webster, and here is his meaning and importance in his own time and to us to-day. His career, his intellect and his achievements are inseparably connected with the maintenance of a great empire and the fortunes of a great people. So long as English oratory is read or studied, so long will his speeches stand high in litera-

ture. So long as the Union of the States endures, or holds a place in history, will the name of Daniel Webster be honored and remembered, and his stately eloquence find an echo in the hearts of his countrymen."

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If the question be asked what constitutes the difference between the new and the old Mr. Hardy, it may be answered that the new has all the virtues and none of the vices of the old, and, in addition, a personality more delicate but more individual than anything American fiction has known for long. In the novel² which made it inevitable that hereafter we should say, "Which Mr. Hardy?" there is no suggestion of that American novel for which we wait; and, indeed, it may be questioned if such novel must necessarily have an American background, or be given solely to a portraiture of native manners or thought. There may be a shadow of regret that the most unusual power displayed here should not have been given to such portraiture, but the pure enjoyment already afforded to thousands, and awaiting every fresh reader of "But Yet a Woman," need not be marred by the fact that scene and characters are French throughout.

It is a story of self-sacrifice told in the life of the woman, who, though not the real heroine, will count as such to the reader. Stephanie Milenski is the French widow of a Russian count, exiled to Siberia on account of political conspiracies; and it is hinted that the friend who accompanies him from friendship, M. de Menzac, is in some degree responsible for the death made desirable by his passion for Stephanie. Renée Michel, hardly more than a child, and on the point of becoming a nun, and Roger Lande, the young physician, who at last succeeds in making her alter this determination, are the chief characters, but M. Michel and Father Le Blanc are quite as distinct. In fact, even the most incidental parts are filled with life-like fidelity, the waiting-maid, Lizette, and the courier, Antonio, being as faithfully rendered as if the success of the story hinged upon them. The reader's pleasure shall not be marred by any abstract of the novel. It is sufficient to say that in descriptive power, in minute portrayal of contrasted character, in epigrammatic dialogue, in delicate humor and in sweet and noble tone, nothing approaching it has appeared for many a year. Its feeling is sustained and high. It is not only a readable but a noble book, and the author, whether he make another or not, has placed himself on the topmost roll in American or any fiction.

THE Macmillans are to publish a new novel by Miss Fletcher, author of "Kismet" and "Mirage" in the "No Name Series."

THE poems of Philip Bourke Marston are to be brought out by Roberts Brothers, and also a volume by Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades."

THE Tupper testimonial makes but little headway in England, and it may be this fact which prompted his recent lecture before the Balloon Society on the art of flying.

"CHATTERBOX" leads the way for the crowd of Christmas books for children, and the volume for 1883 shows no lessening of interest over the many that have preceded it. (Boards, 4to, pp. 412, \$1.00; Estes & Lauriat).

CHARLES H. WELLS, a journalist, known to our readers as the author of the popular "Jerry Greening Stories," and various dialect poems, will shortly publish a novel descriptive of life in Pike County, introducing the quaint

(1) DANIEL WEBSTER. By Henry Cabot Lodge, pp. 372, \$1.25; "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

(2) BUT YET A WOMAN. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. (16mo, pp. 272, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

dialect of that region and descriptions of Pennsylvania scenery.

ALL the historical work of the Johns Hopkins University is of especial value, and students are now enjoying a rare opportunity in hearing a course of lectures on the relation of history to politics, given by Dr. H. von Holtz, of Germany, whose work on constitutional history recently excited such wide comment.

THE catalogue of the art department of the Boston fair has risen in price, the copies selling now at \$4.00 each. The edition cannot be reproduced and is said to be "so rapidly diminishing that the copies remaining are of increased value, and will, therefore, as the number lessens, be still farther raised in price from time to time as the committee may determine."

IN the third of his papers in *The Critic* on the leading London publishers, Mr. Chas. E. Pascoe expresses the opinion that, so long as there is no international copyright, the American publisher should open an office in London and deal directly with the English author—not for advance sheets, plates or a small edition, but for his manuscript itself.

AUTOGRAPH hunters are among the few groups of the human family who seemingly enjoy being anathematized, so long as the anathematizer signs his or her name. Such a collector, apparently, is Mr. Edward W. Bok, who is about to bring out a pamphlet descriptive of his autographic treasures. To brother collectors this will be at once a blessing and a trial, for who that wants an original signature can peruse notes like the following without envy? "I should like to knock your heads together. Bother autographs."—*Chas. Reade.*

"THE CLEVEDALE MYSTERY" is to be used as a campaign document, and Fords, Howard & Hulbert have issued a paper-covered edition for this purpose. A new volume of Mr. Beecher's sermons, which show no diminution of force or beauty, is also ready; a new edition of the always popular "Life Thoughts," and "The Sylvan City," made up from the articles on Philadelphia Old and New, which were a marked feature in *THE CONTINENT* for 1882. The volume is profusely illustrated, and forms one of "Our Continent Library" series.

No work in the whole range of religious literature has held as deep a power over human souls as "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis. Even the light of the nineteenth century, in which reverence has paled, and all tradition fled away, has no power to lessen the beauty and the truth in the old pages; and if we reject certain deficiencies, knowing the world more God's than the old monk dreamed it could be, we may still hold to the deep lessons in faith and self-knowledge and humble trust. The beautiful edition just published by James R. Osgood & Co., the most attractive one ever issued, will be welcome to thousands; and the three hundred emblematical designs, head-pieces, tail-pieces and vignettes are in perfect harmony with the text. (1 vol., 16mo, red edges, pp. 353, \$1.50).

It is probably not generally known that Anthony Trollope left behind him an autobiography. Messrs. Blackwood & Sons have it in press at this writing, and will shortly place it in the market. The autobiography brings Trollope's life down to 1876. It is a very frank record of his literary work and of his opinions. His account of the poverty and misery amid which his boyhood and youth were spent will probably be a revelation to those who were most intimate with him in later years. His troubles when he first joined the post-office, and his subsequent success and adventures as a surveyor in Ireland, are set down without reserve, and it is obvious that incidents in his own life were the germs of many of the best stories worked into his novels.

THE sympathetic side of Hawthorne's nature was never

very fully developed, his interest in mankind being speculative rather than practical; and it is not very surprising, therefore, to find his attitude toward the question of slavery a neutral one. He defines it in a letter, now first printed in the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*: "I have not, as you suggest, the slightest sympathy for the slaves, or, at least, not half so much as for the laboring whites, who, I believe, as a general thing are ten times worse off than the Southern negroes. Still, whenever I am absolutely cornered I shall go for New England rather than the South; and this Fugitive Law cornered me. Of course I knew what I was doing when I signed that Free Soil document, and bade farewell to all ideas of foreign consulships or other official stations, so that I doubt whether you or I ever go to Rio together. Perhaps you may go alone, if you wish it. I don't care a copper for office."

MRS. MARY A. DENISON found sudden and wide popularity a few years ago from the production of a summer novel, "That Husband of Mine," which is said to have had the amazing sale of 150,000 copies. She has since then written one or two less successful stories, but nothing so good as the little novel, "His Triumph," just issued by Lee & Shepard. In the well-sustained little story a theatrical manager marries a young country girl, with the express purpose of making a home into which no knowledge of his profession shall enter, and from his efforts to keep this secret, and the attempt of his leading man to cover up the fact that he has once loved the wife of his employer, arise a series of complications, some amusing, some tragic. The wife discovers the whole; hides her knowledge; studies and develops a latent gift for the stage; appears and receives an ovation, and then resigns her brilliant future, and returns to her former quiet life, her husband's persuasion to this being "His Triumph." The book, while not a powerful one, is fresh and well written, and a great advance on any previous work. (16mo, pp. 248, \$1.00).

THERE is material enough in "A Righteous Apostate" to have made an unusually strong and brilliant novel, of which there are hints here and there, but which falls short of any fulfillment of expectation on the reader's part. Paul Lamont, a Catholic priest, who renounces his vows for love of Cordelia Hericourt, refuses hers when the time comes in which her horror at his apostasy from her own faith has been lost in the passion she has allowed to move her, and the two part to suddenly drop all objections and begin a calm and prosaic married life untroubled by any of the perplexities that up to that moment had made the substance of the book. This is the *motif*, but there is a secondary plot, in which an aunt of Cordelia is disposed of by two fraudulently-inclined relatives, who dump her at midnight from a stage crossing the plains, and who are, by this and other means not necessary to specify here, enabled to take possession of the fortune intended for their victim and Cordelia. Strong as many of the situations are, the whole thing is unbalanced and purposeless, nobody being faithful to anything that would seem the lesson of the story, which is, in many points, far above mediocrity. (12mo, pp. 423, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

IN the various desperadoes and villains with which Mr. Bret Harte has, from time to time, made us acquainted, there is always some saving grace, and if there were not, the humor of both situation and its description has been often so delightful as to condone all other offenses. With added years, however, Mr. Harte, to use one of Mr. James' favorite phrases, "takes himself more and more seriously," and we have darker and darker portraits in the school of which he is the unquestioned master. No more unlovely and repulsive group were ever brought together in his pages than figure in the dainty volume just issued

by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., "In the Carquinez Woods." The woods themselves are full of mystery and charm, and every descriptive passage has the same power. No man can better render certain natural aspects, and there is a sense of desecration in the figures that come and go through the silent and majestic forest. There is a Cherokee half-blood, a strange combination of trapper, scientific botanist and Indian; a preacher whose unctuous hypocrisy is only matched by the keener and even less bearable nature of his daughter; and, amid the crowd of cut-throats and bullies, the usual fierce, untamed, desperate yet not all-vicious woman—in this case, Teresa, an easy-moraled circus-rider, whose reckless soul shows in the end capacity for gratitude and renunciation—who loves passionately and with full self-abnegation this extraordinary scientific man whose home is a hollow tree, and who shelters her while in hiding from the sheriff. As we meet her, she has been arrested and is on her way to jail, having stabbed her lover and "blown a hole through the Sheriff of Calaveras," and who escapes in a manner the reader may be left to discover. Pathetic as it all is at points, solemn as is the tragedy in which the marred life goes out, there is a sense throughout the story that something is lacking. The brutish element is uppermost; the keen, spiritual instinct, powerful enough to lift the drama of his other tales quite out of the atmosphere of passion and lust and revenge, which seems the vital breath of his characters, is wanting, and the book represents a distinct fall below what we have a right to expect from the pen that gave us "The Luck of Roaring Camp." (18mo, pp. 241, \$1.00).

NEW BOOKS.

A WOMAN'S REASON. A Novel. By William D. Howells. 12mo, pp. 466, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

RUBY. By George E. Waring, Jr. Waring's Horse Stories, II. Paper, 10 cents; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

AN IDEAL FANATIC. By Hester Edwards Porch. 12mo, pp. 325, \$1.25; Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

THE EXECUTOR. A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. "Leisure Hour Series." 16mo, pp. 353, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co.

COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY. Containing Succinct Accounts of the Most Eminent Persons in all Ages, Countries and Professions. By Edward A. Thomas. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 590, \$2.50; Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. By E. W. Howe. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 226, \$1.00; Howe & Co., Atchison, Kansas.

EMERSON'S WORKS. Riverside Edition. Vols. III and IV. Essays, Second Series. Representative Men. 12mo, \$1.75 each; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

GEORGE SAND. By Bertha Thomas. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 278, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

MARY LAMB. By Anne Gilchrist. "Famous Women Series." 16mo, pp. 336, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING. By Lord Houghton. 4to, Illuminated Covers. Etchings by Walter Severn. \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. By Thomas Gray. Illustrated by Harry Fenn. \$1.50; Roberts Brothers.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571. By Jean Ingelow. Illustrations Drawn and Engraved under the Supervision of George T. Andrew. 8vo, \$4.00; Roberts Brothers.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT. By John Henry Newman. Illustrated. \$1.50; Roberts Brothers.

THE PRINCESS. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. 4to, pp. 223, \$6.00; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

HIS SOMBRE RIVALS. By Edward P. Roe. 12mo, pp. 497, \$1.50; Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

WHISPERING PINES. Poems by John Henry Boner. Paper, pp. 167, 75 cents; A. Brentano & Co., New York and Washington.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH. Arranged for School Exhibitions and Private Theatricals. Riverside Literature Series. Paper, pp. 44, 15 cents; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE DOCTRINE OF SACRED SCRIPTURE. A Critical, Historical and Dogmatic Inquiry into the Origin and Nature of the Old and New Testaments. By George T. Ladd, D.D. Two vols., 8vo, pp. 761-765, \$7.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Do You Remember, Sweet?

Do you remember, sweet, that day,
That perfect day in youth's glad June,
When we with hearts that beat in tune
With Nature's heart first felt love's sway?

We stole away on loitering feet
Far from the house, lest curious eyes
Our untold secret might surprise—
You've not forgotten, have you, sweet?

The grass grew high about our knees
As we strolled through the orchard old,
And I would fain my love have told
Beneath the drooping apple trees.

The ladder-steps we found near by,
And there we sat, I at your feet—
You do remember, don't you, sweet!—
So charming you, but voiceless I.

For I had then faint-hearted grown,
While you grew gracious, and essayed
With gentle art my speech to aid—
(You've not forgotten that, you own!)

But still I feared to hazard all,
For never had you let me tell
How long I'd loved you and how well—
(You don't remember that at all!)

And then you plucked a June-grass spear,
And said you would my fortune tell,
If I'd invoke the oracle—
You *must* remember that, my dear!

You said it seldom had misled,
And if I wished, the spell you'd frame
To make the grass my true love name—
(Such silly things you never said!)

No name you tried would show my choice;
I longed, yet feared to thus try thine,
So worshiped silent at my shrine—
(You thought I'd surely lost my voice!)

It would not tell the name, although
My charming priestess sang the words
That worked the spell sweet as the birds—
(You were not such a goose, you know!)

Thus sped those happy hours, till dark
And gathering shadows claimed the day;
Then in the gloaming took our way,
Lit by the firefly's glimmering spark.

But I had bolder grown, while you,
As I grew bold with sudden bliss,
And took the first fond lover's kiss—
(You don't remember that? I do!)

Surrendered with such blushing grace,
Forsaking all alluring art
With which you'd kept me so apart—
(You do deny that to my face!)

Surrendered, nor resisted more.
And then I knew that I had won
The sweetest girl the sun shone on—
(I might have known that long before!)

The years have flown since that dear time,
And side by side have we, sweet wife,
Passed through the varied scenes of life,
While we have journeyed past our prime.

And with our joys have oft come tears;
But still I love you far more now
Than when I spake that lover's vow—
(You love me so! Sweet, I've no fears!)

NEWTON S. OTIS.

